

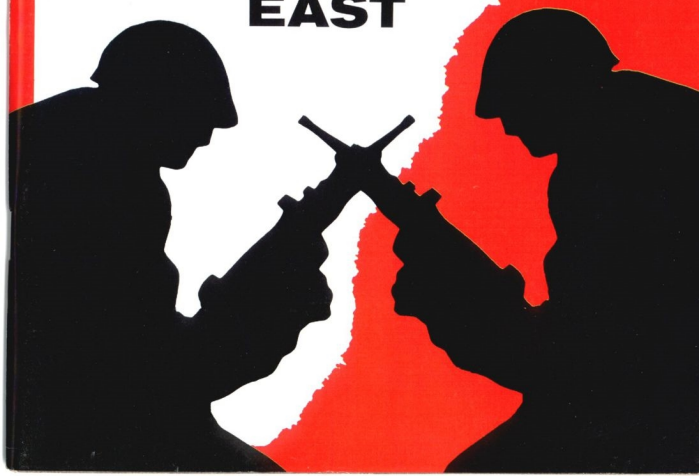
FIFTY CENTS

OCTOBER 15, 1973

TIME

WAR

IN THE MIDDLE EAST





Camaro Type LT

Camaro has a ride and a feel you'll appreciate, too. Steel-belted radial tires are available for both the Sport Coupe and Type LT.



Camaro has a new standard 350-cu.-in. V8. And all V8 Camaros have power steering standard. Tachometer, ammeter and temperature gauge are standard with the Camaro Type LT.



Camaro Type LT

Camaro not only looks quick, sleek and nimble. It is. Camaro gives you comfortable seats for four people. Rich upholstery. New cut-pile carpeting.



Camaro has a very sensible new aluminum bumper system that helps cushion minor impacts. New tail-lights wrap around for visibility. You've called sporty cars impractical for the last time.

1974 Camaro. The way it looks is the way it goes.

Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A.

Chevrolet

Maybe the last reason for buying a tape recorder should be the tape recorder.

Maybe the first reason should be a built-in AM radio. Or a built-in FM/AM radio. Even a radio with a marine band. So you can know what's happening out at sea.

Or it could be a tape recorder with stereo sound heavy enough to fill a concert hall. Even though it's light enough to carry around in one hand.

Perhaps it's a reason you never thought about before. At least not connected to a tape recorder.

For instance, one model lets you hear the sound of your favorite TV programs. And another lets you watch them. Because out from this gem of a tape recorder pops a jewel of a Panasonic TV.

Most of our cassette recorders come with a sensitive condenser mike. Built right in. So recording is easy because there's no mike to hold. Lose. Or forget.

Of course, there are some features you get with every Panasonic cassette recorder.

Like Auto-Stop that shuts the machine off at the end of the tape. To prevent tape damage. Easy-Matic that sets the right recording level every time.



And Panasonic batteries. To get you off to a quick start. And keep you going a long time.

Anybody can give you a reason to buy a tape recorder. We've just given you 6 to make sure it's a Panasonic.

Built-in radio with FM/AM, marine and TV bands. (RQ-438S)

Built-in AM radio. (RQ-430AS)

Built-in FM/AM radio, Sleep Switch, Battery/VU Meter. (RQ-437S)

Built-in FM/AM radio, Sleep Switch. (RQ-432S)

Built-in two-piece stereo cassette system. (RS-264S)

Built-in pop-up TV. (TR-003)

Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time.

200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

TIME magazine last week became involved in Vice President Spiro Agnew's legal battle to stop the Baltimore grand jury's hearing of evidence against him. This is our position in the matter:

Eight weeks ago, after it became known that the Vice President was under investigation for alleged criminal offenses while he was Governor of Maryland, TIME and other publications printed stories about the nature and seriousness of the charges. As we indicated in our stories, the information came from officials in the Justice Department and from other sources. The Vice President argues that these reports are bound to prejudice the grand jury and deprive him of a fair hearing. U.S. District Judge Walter E. Hoffman has authorized Mr. Agnew's lawyers to subpoena newsmen in order to find out who was responsible for the leaks. Members of TIME's staff, along with other journalists, have been served with such subpoenas.

TIME believes that in the circumstances, it was entirely legitimate and in the public interest to print information about this momentous and unprecedented affair. We know well that the public's right to be informed can conflict, or appear to conflict, with the right of the accused to make his defense in an impartial atmosphere and before an impartial jury (although legal scholars are by no means certain that leaks necessarily prejudice a defendant's case). This difficult problem is explored in this week's Nation section.

It may or may not be necessary for Mr. Agnew or the Justice Department to find out who was responsible for the leaks. In the attempt to identify those responsible, the newsmen under subpoena may be pressed to reveal their confidential sources. If so, we will resist. We take it for granted that journalists, like all other citizens, have a duty to uphold the law. But we also believe that a reporter should not be required to disclose confidential sources except in the most compelling circumstances, such as imminent danger of loss of life, or if the reporter had essential information on a violent crime or on a matter of overriding danger to the national security. None of those factors apply in the present situation.

The reporter's right to keep his sources confidential is not a luxury; it is an absolute necessity without which free and vigorous inquiry would be impossible. And such inquiry in turn is not a privilege "enjoyed" by the press but an essential part of the American system. In most cases when the press uses confidential sources, the revelations concern large institutions—the Government, the military, business—in which individuals usually would not dare speak out without the protection of anonymity.

In his charge to the grand jury, Judge Hoffman spoke of a "perpetual conflict" between the news media and the courts that, in his view, must soon be resolved. We feel that this conflict—to the extent that it exists—should not be pushed to a confrontation, which is neither necessary nor desirable. Judge Hoffman also observed that he has found that "the news media frequently are wholly or partially inaccurate." This statement is alarmingly broad and imprecise. It would be just as easy, and no more significant, for us to reply: Members of the legal profession, or of the Government, are frequently wrong. The American press has exceptionally high standards of accuracy and honesty. Certainly in covering—and uncovering—Watergate it has been overwhelmingly accurate.

Henry A. Grunwald

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The Cover: Design by William Spencer and Michael Witte.

TIME is published weekly, \$14.00 per year, by Time Inc., 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611. Principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Shepley, President; Richard B. McKeough, Treasurer; Charles B. Ivor, Secretary. Seagrams does postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Vol. 102 No. 16 © 1973 Time Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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"I swear you can really taste me."



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '73.

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FlashBar 10 is the new flash system that lets you take ten pictures without replacing the flash. Now there are as many flashes as pictures in a film pack.

FlashBar 10 is compact. So small you can hide it in your hand.

FlashBar 10 is fast. Ten rapid-fire pictures in less than thirty seconds. Flash five. Flip the GE FlashBar array. Flash five more.

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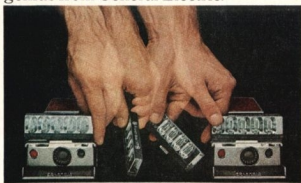
lessens your chance of wasting a picture by flashing the same flash twice. The camera scans the FlashBar 10

array electronically and picks the next flash on that side to be fired.

FlashBar 10 gives color-true pictures. It's covered by a color-corrected shield that's made to match the Polaroid SX-70 film.

The FlashBar 10 array is now available at stores in your area.

FlashBar 10. Another flash of genius from General Electric.



Flash five. Flip the FlashBar 10 array. Flash five more.

FlashBar is the General Electric trademark for its flash array. Polaroid® by Polaroid Corp.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



**Growing up
is never easy.
But you
had lots of
help.**

Your first grade teacher who showed you how words turn into stories.
Your high school teacher who helped you solve the mystery of planets.
The moon. Stars.

There are so many more you remember. Good teachers. Who helped you become...yourself.

Today, the National Education Association is working hard for smaller classes, better facilities and professional standards throughout the educational system.

That's what today's teaching is all about...finding new ways to help your child grow up.

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Be careful with fire:
There are babes
in the woods.



And those baby animals and trees need a place where they can grow up strong and healthy. The forest is their home. When you come to visit, please don't burn it down.

Chile's Coup

Sir / So the U.S. knew of the impending Chilean coup before it happened but did nothing [Oct. 1]. I marvel that we spent tens of billions to fight for "democracy" in Viet Nam, but wouldn't spend 10¢ for a warning phone call to the democratically elected President of Chile!

WILLIAM WILKE
Madison, Wis.

Sir / It is ironic that the international left is complaining about Allende's overthrow when all the Chilean army did was accept the Mao doctrine that "power comes from the barrel of a gun." Looks like the left can dish it out, but can't take it.

WOOLSEY TELLER
Indianapolis

Sir / Even though I disagreed with Allende's idea of the perfect society, I respected him for the courage to implement it. I truly mourn the loss of anyone who, like him, played the game squarely and then, when he was the victor, was overthrown by men who have no rules.

MICHAEL MCCLINTOCK
Los Angeles

Sir / The fact that so many Americans are happy about the right-wing military take-over in Chile, while at the same time supportive of our improved relations with the Communist regimes in China and the Soviet Union, tends to prove Americans will support any dictatorship as long as it is friendly to American business interests. We have certainly come a long way from "making the world safe for democracy."

LEONARD JAY
Hermosa Beach, Calif.

Sir / The overthrow of Salvador Allende's Marxist government was not a defeat for democracy, but a victory over Communism.

CARLOS M. FERNANDEZ
Miami

Sir / A Marxist, socialist, prosperous and democratic Chile could have been the key nation in Mr. Nixon's détente strategy. Allende's dream for his country—an open society with a Communist economy, full civil liberties, intellectual freedom and democratic electoral institutions—could have been obvious proof to the Kremlin and Peking that they need not destroy their Solzhenitsyns and Sakharovs.

A country with a mixture of U.S. and Communist influences could have underood issues from both sides and could have been of invaluable diplomatic use. President Nixon should have done everything he could to help Chile's Marxist "experiment" succeed.

Instead, Mr. Nixon gave Allende the economic cold shoulder and watched him die. It makes me wonder what détente really means to the President.

C.J. SCHWARTZ
Los Angeles

The Big Racket

Sir / The Riggs-King tennis match on television [Oct. 1] was a forum for both the best and the worst elements in the Women's Lib movement. Billie Jean, a perfect sport and brilliant tennis player, gave ample proof that women's sports can be tremendously exciting.

Commentator Rosie Casals, though, was biased and abrasive. The telecast con-

vinced me that those who will do the most good for the Women's Lib movement will speak softly and carry a big racket.

CHARLES PRICE
Huntington Beach, Calif.

Sir / The only thing demonstrated by the Riggs-King match was that Rosemary Casals is even more obnoxious than Howard Cosell.

MR. AND MRS. DAVID B. CLEGG
San Rafael, Calif.

Sir / Ms. King turned Bobby Riggs into a male chauvinist rabbit.

VICKI SMITH
Webster Groves, Mo.

Sir / Fair is fair, by God: now Camel cigarettes should excavate the world's ranking 55-year-old women's tennis player and have her play Stan Smith on the roof of the Playboy mansion.

RICHARD RÉZIAT
Nashville, Tenn.

Maid Judith's Rhyme

Sir / *Dorst noon koude toppe
Mys Wax's wund rus rhyme
Ful wel, forsooth, she made hir
Webst in TIME [Sept. 24].*

THEO HELLER
Metairie, La.

Sir / *Let alle commende the vers of
Maid Judithe Wax
And her review of Waterbury factes.
J.R. POPLAR JR.
Havre de Grace, Md.*

"Barrett's Wife" Speaks Up

Sir / I do not mean to be ungrateful for having gained national prominence as [TIME Senior Editor Laurence] Barrett's wife in the publisher's letter regarding the Bobby Riggs story [Sept. 10], but those of us who care deeply about women's rights do value identity.

"Barrett's wife"—sometimes also known as Dave's, Paul's and Adam's mother—emerges too as Paulette Barrett. The "local women's rights group" she heads is in Tenafly, N.J.

PAULETTE S. BARRETT
Tenafly, N.J.

Mitford's Quibbles

Sir / I was most gratified by your excellent review of *Kind and Usual Punishment* [Sept. 24], but may I raise a couple of small quibbles?

Your reviewer reproves me for "sar-donic excuses," saying I am "capable of snapping that a man with a dicebox might grant and deny paroles as fairly as most boards." That was snapped not by me but by Hearst's San Francisco *Examiner*, and so attributed in my book. The dicebox analogy would seem borne out by several recent studies I cited in a chapter on parole.

I am further chided for neglecting to mention any "idealistic" or "effective penologists." I did mention quite a few of these and told what became of them. Examples: Tom Murton, prison warden brought to Arkansas in 1967 by Governor Winthrop Rockefeller—fired by Rockefeller (and blacklisted in his vocation) for disclosing his findings of widespread corruption and brutality to the press. Dr. Frank Rundle, psy-

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FDR sat here.

At the age of 39, Franklin Delano Roosevelt contracted polio. He went to bed one night feeling ill, and in the morning he couldn't get up. He couldn't walk.

He had a handicap. And yet, seven years later, he became governor of New York. Eleven years later, President of the United States.

He led the country out of the dark days of the depression, and still in a wheelchair, through the bitter years of a world war.

He was obviously as smart sitting down as he was standing up. And he was willing to work hard enough to prove it to himself and to the people of America.

Today, there are millions of Americans with physical and mental disabilities. Millions of people with handicaps. And they, too, realize that they have to prove themselves.

But all too often, they don't get the chance.

They don't get the understanding they need to gain the confidence to ask for a break. Or they find the physical barriers to entering and leaving buildings, or to using public transportation, so discouraging that they don't even try.

And this is a tragic waste. This is the real handicap.

What can you do to help? You can take the time to think. You can take the trouble to understand. You can give these people your confidence, so they can have confidence in themselves. And you can give them the same chance you'd give anyone else.

Then, when you've given all this, you can do one final thing. You can stop thinking of them as handicapped. And start thinking of them as friends and neighbors, as people with talent and a contribution to make to the world.

Isn't it about time we stopped handicapping the handicapped?

The U.S. Department of Health,
Education, and Welfare.



LETTERS

chiatrist of Soledad prison—summarily dismissed for refusing to turn over the confidential psychiatric file of a prisoner-patient to the warden, Edward F. Roberts, correctional officer at Raiford State Prison in Florida—who testified before a congressional committee that he was forced out of his job because he refused to go along with his supervisor's credo that "a convict is the lowest thing on earth."

JESSICA MITFORD
Oakland, Calif.

On Taking Potluck

Sir / Your American note, "Potluck" [Sept. 17], really annoyed me. The Muscular Dystrophy Association acted as if the "Marijuana Dealers Association's" gift was something less than generous. I suppose the contribution would have been more significant had it come from a local oil company, building contractor or politician—all top-ranking "ethical" members of society. How unfortunate for a society that hails as "ethical" those who weave a "goodie" blanket of All-Americanism around them yet thrive on greed, corruption and deceit.

JUDY McLEAN
Sandpoint, Idaho

Sir / The "Gainesville Marijuana Dealers Association" gave \$10,000 to muscular dystrophy. What did the "American Medical Association" give?

MICHAEL E. TUFARO
South Plainfield, N.J.

Warm Turkey

Sir / I did some detective work on myself and finally narrowed the cause of my vague floating physical symptoms (i.e., headaches, pains in the neck and shoulders, and a perpetually queasy stomach) down to smoking.

MOVING?

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4 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

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DISCOVER MORE GAS FOR AMERICA.

RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME.

America needs more energy of all kinds these days. Natural gas is particularly popular because it burns clean. But our country needs more clean gas energy to meet the growing demand. The government and the gas industry are working to get more, but anything you can do to save gas will help. And help save you money, too.

When you're cooking, for instance, you can save gas. Don't use a high flame when a low one will do the job. And don't preheat the oven any longer than you need to.



Use full loads in the washer and dryer—you waste gas when you turn them on for every little thing. Natural gas is clean energy. It's what our country needs if it's to have cleaner air.

Don't use more hot water than you need in the tub or shower. And don't go off and leave the hot water running.



Don't block heating vents with rugs, furniture or anything. If you do, you'll use more gas and be



less comfortable. And be sure to insulate and weatherstrip in cold weather and put up storm doors. You'll keep the cold out, the heat in.

All this will help our country have more of the clean gas energy it needs to keep things going—and save you money, too.

Gas
clean energy
for today and
tomorrow.

AGA American Gas Association

But, like Edward Brecher [Sept. 24], I could not function without cigarettes, and so what to do?

My compromise is to smoke one cigarette an hour on the hour and take only three drags. I call it my "hourly bottle" and look forward to it keenly.

Some day, I may get around to cold turkey, but for now I'm perfectly willing to admit that I am not superwoman and am thoroughly enjoying the new vigor and sense of good health I feel.

CAROL PINSKY
Los Angeles

Nothing Secret

Sir / You reported that I "worked as a Republican campaign staffer while secretly doing research for *The Selling of the President 1968*" [Sept. 24].

This is not true. I did not work on the Republican campaign staff, and there was nothing secret about my research. I was under contract to Simon & Schuster to write a book about the role of advertising in the 1968 presidential campaign. That is what I told the Nixon advertising staff when I sought permission to observe their work, and that is what I did.

JOE MCGINNIS
Blairtown, N.J.

Submariners' Inner Resources

Sir / Your article "The Limits of Astronauts" [Sept. 17] appears to dwell on the pathological aspects of man's behavior in submarines. There is no mention of the hymns that resound over the mess deck on Sunday mornings: the creative, earthy humor in the cartoons that appear about the

ship and in the skits that are written and performed by the men; the industry of those who complete correspondence courses during a patrol; the generosity of those who volunteer for additional watches so that an ailing shipmate can sleep. The most important omission in your article is the fact that a great majority of submariners turn to inner resources and quietly endure a stressful patrol while maintaining their self-esteem and their high moral principles.

During a year as the medical officer aboard a Polaris submarine I was more impressed by the men's ability to maintain normal relationships and behavior than by their indulgence in the abnormal.

JOSEPH F. ZEPPIERI, M.D.
Mystic, Conn.

The Original Simplistic Christian

Sir / I rejoiced to see that the Jesus movement is not dying [Sept. 24]. Nor is it the fact that many proclaimed it to be when yesterday's flower children turned off drugs and mind trips and made Jesus Christ the central point in their lives.

As for what the movement is doing to Christianity, perhaps the U.S. Catholic Conference should take a look at Jesus' own life-style before labeling anyone "simplistic, emotional, antirational and naive."

Isn't it Christ whom we Christians strive to emulate? Could it be that the Gospel is too simple for much of organized religion to comprehend?

CYNTHIA MCBRIDE
Long Beach, Calif.

Sir / We are the group who compiled the Jesus People's directory that you mentioned, and conducted a survey of the movement. One important fact that you left out

is that substantial numbers of people from minority groups have come to be included in the Jesus movement. It is one segment of the church that is truly integrated and includes many Jews and blacks.

MOISHE ROSEN

Jews for Jesus
Corte Madera, Calif.

Sir / The U.S. Catholic Conference staff memo—which assessed the Jesus movement as being "simplistic, emotional, antirational, naive and, because of the leaders' authority over their young followers, 'very manipulative'"—could aptly be used to describe religious education in parochial schools, if one changed antirational to overrational.

CHUCK SMITH
West Hamlin, W. Va.

Address Letters to **TIME**, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

The World Intrudes

War in the Middle East.

War? The word had an odd, almost atavistic ring as the bulletins broke in on America's quiet Saturday morning, blaring that Israel and her neighbors were once more locked in full combat (see *THE WORLD*). With the U.S. finally disengaged from its ordeal in Viet Nam and embarked on hopeful new relations with the Communist superpowers, that elusive generation of peace had suddenly seemed more than a wistful illusion. Much of the nation's population, drawn by both fear and fascination to the unprecedented personal travail of the President and Vice President, had turned its attention inward, where so many neglected problems demanded action. The tidings of Yom Kippur, the Jewish High Holiday, were a grim reminder that the world beyond is part and parcel of America's continuing concerns. Once again the pursuit of peace remained a task of highest priority.

Upping the Price of Bias

In Detroit last week U.S. District Court Judge Damon Keith handed down an astonishingly stiff decision in what may become a landmark discrimination case. Ruling that the Detroit Edison Co. (the nation's eleventh largest utility) had systematically discriminated against blacks in hiring and advancement in a manner he labeled "deliberate and by design," Keith awarded the plaintiffs in the case a whopping \$4,000,000 in punitive damages—believed to be the largest award of its kind ever in a job discrimination case. "Since these defendants have been extremely obdurate and intransigent in their determination to implement and perpetuate racial discrimination," explained Keith, "the awarding of punitive damages is appropriate and necessary." The money will be paid to the court, which will then provide for its distribution to the plaintiffs.

Moreover, Keith found that those affected by the company's discrimination included not only current employees of Edison and rejected applicants but, in addition, members of the community who might have applied for work but did not because they knew of the company's discriminatory policies. "He's wrong on the facts, wrong on the law and wrong on the extreme remedies ordered," said Edison Vice President Leon Cohan, who promised that the company would appeal.

Too Many Weeks?

When California Republican Don Edwards rose on the floor of the House of Representatives last week to introduce a resolution proclaiming National Family Week, he was exercising a hoary congressional reflex. No one ever objects to such innocuous legislation. But Representative Ken Hechler of West Virginia had had enough: "If my good friend from California can tell me what will come from the pending resolution, I will be glad to know." When Edwards could not, and, undaunted, went on a minute later to ask the House to proclaim National High Blood Pressure Week, Hechler threw down the gauntlet. Vowing to continue his objections to such resolutions, he noted wryly that National Clean Water Week and National Next-Door Neighbor Day had not brought about any notable improvement in the nation's waterways or in its interpersonal relations. Hechler maintains that declarations such as National Check Your Vehicle Emission Month are plainly absurd. As far as National Family Week is concerned, Hechler snorts: "If the American family depends on the thin thread of a congressional resolution to hold it together, the American family really is in trouble."

Yankee Stadium Shuts Down

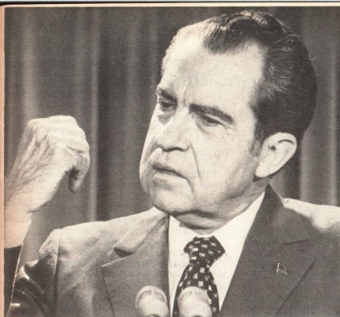
The New York Yankees not only closed the season last week losing their final game to the Detroit Tigers by a score of 8-5, they closed their ballpark along with it. The loss of the game is theirs, but Yankee Stadium belongs to the American past. The park is not slated to fall, but will undergo a two-year refurbishing that will install new seats, remove the iron pillars that have blocked the spectators' view since the stadium opened in 1923, and completely redesign the playing field. The City of New York has undertaken the job for the Yankees, and must complete it by the opening of the 1976 season to ensure that the team will keep its home in New York. The team's owners swear the Yankees have not the slightest intention of moving to another town, but eager fans with long memories were not so sure. So they yanked out rows of wooden seats, tore signs from walls, and scooped up souvenir clumps of grass to take home. Fittingly enough, first base went to Mrs. Lou Gehrig in honor of her husband who once guarded it so well, and home plate went to Mrs. Babe Ruth, whose husband minced across it triumphantly so many times.



"Yes, thank you for your support, Mr. President . . . but, somehow I had assumed that you were behind me all along."



"Hello, Angela Davis? You may be a little surprised to hear from me . . ."



NIXON AT HIS PRESS CONFERENCE



AGNEW SPEAKING IN CHICAGO

THE VICE PRESIDENCY

Thrust and Riposte in the Agnew Battle

For Vice President Spiro Agnew, battling to preserve his post and his political future, there was good news and bad news last week. He won a surprise and legally surprising tactical victory in his efforts to halt leaks from the grand jury's investigation of him for bribery, extortion, conspiracy and tax evasion. Yet the President of the U.S. went out of his way to set the public record straight on his support of the prosecution and the seriousness of the charges, even as he accepted Agnew's right, fiercely asserted the week before, not to resign if indicted. Worst of all for Agnew, the Government argued for the first time that a sitting Vice President could be indicted and disclosed that it was pressing for an indictment before Oct. 26, when the five-year statute of limitations on some of the charges will run out.

Agnew's courtroom victory came after his lawyers had moved to quash the grand jury investigation by arguing that it was not only unconstitutional—a Vice President could not be indicted—but that the Justice Department had leaked so much detrimental material about Agnew to the press that the jurors were bound to be prejudiced. In a highly unusual action, Judge Walter E. Hoffman granted Agnew's attorneys the power to gather information about the extent of the leaks by questioning under oath any persons they felt to be "appropriate and necessary"—a sweeping definition that could be interpreted to cover not only newsmen but Justice Department officials up to and including Attorney General Elliot Richardson himself.

Agnew's attorneys promptly subpoenaed a number of newsmen and press organizations, including TIME, and

raised serious questions about the freedom of the press that are sure to create a new set of constitutional court battles (see following story).

In turn, Richardson, in a brief filed in court, rejected Agnew's plea for immunity on constitutional grounds by arguing forcefully that Agnew could be indicted before he was impeached. The brief, signed by Solicitor General Robert H. Bork but clearly Richardson's responsibility, claimed that only the President was immune from prosecution prior to impeachment—a point of view that may have a vital bearing later on if Richard Nixon ever is indicted.

Not Indispensable. While noting that the President was indispensable to the conduct of the nation's affairs, the brief argued that the same could not be said for the Vice President. "Without in any way denigrating the constitutional functions of a Vice President," argued the brief, "there have been many occasions in our history when the nation lacked a Vice President and suffered no ill consequence." Indeed, not only could the Vice President be indicted but tried, convicted and even jailed while holding office, although the brief did admit, in a straight-faced style, that jail might "interfere in some degree with [his] exercise of his public duties."

To avoid the prospect of the nation's Vice President sitting in a cell, Richardson suggested a new approach. He urged Judge Hoffman to let the grand jury press on with its investigation and bring in an indictment, should the evidence warrant one, which would stop the statute of limitations from running out. Then, instead of quickly going to trial, and if the Vice President agreed,

the Justice Department would give the House of Representatives a chance to impeach Agnew. Only if the House elected not to would Richardson move ahead with the prosecution. Judge Hoffman is expected to rule on the constitutional issue by the end of this month.

Richard Nixon took care to put more distance between himself and his Vice President. Speaking at an informal press conference, Nixon had praise for Agnew's "years of distinguished service as Vice President." But then Nixon fired back at his Vice President, who, by implication, had attacked him in his speech in Los Angeles a few days before. Agnew had accused Nixon's Justice Department of trying to destroy him with "malicious, immoral and illegal" news leaks. Contrary to Agnew's claim in his speech that he was being hounded by trumped-up claims, Nixon said that the charges "are serious and not frivolous." Nixon also defended Henry Petersen, the head of Justice's Criminal Division, who Agnew said was out to bag him as a trophy. Said the President: "If I did not support Mr. Petersen's handling of the investigation, he would have been removed by this time."

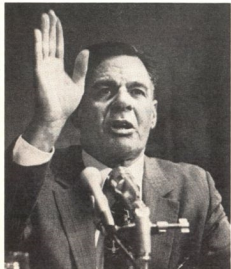
That gave Agnew a chance to retort but instead, speaking at a Republican fund raiser in Chicago, the Vice President sought to ease the tension that was damaging the party by calling Nixon on "a great President," and saying: "Thank God we have a man who has faced some of the most unbelievable pressures and handled them."

These days, however, the President and the Vice President act like two men linked by a heavy chain—each eager to be free of the other and able to fight his

THE NATION

own battle, and yet each recognizing that their fates are bound together. They have never been real friends, and now the bitterness between the two is so strong that few of the aides in either camp attempt to deny it exists.

Yet Nixon cannot disown Agnew without further angering the conservatives in both parties. A Gallup poll last week showed that only 32% of the nation approved of the way that the President was handling his job, a drop of 6% since the Agnew case erupted and only 1% above his low mark during the depths of Watergate. And a Harris poll reported that 51% of the American people feel that Congress would be justified in beginning impeachment proceedings against the President if he refused a court order to turn over the Watergate tapes to a panel of judges.



ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL PETERSEN



HOFFMAN AFTER ISSUING ORDER
The hunted became the hunter.

THE COURTS

Leaks, the Law and the Press

Sufficient cause appearing therefor,

It is hereby ordered that the attorneys for applicant may take the depositions of such persons as they deem appropriate and necessary...

So, in part, read one of the more unusual directives ever issued by a U.S. federal judge. The order, by Judge Walter E. Hoffman, came last week in response to complaints by lawyers representing Vice President Spiro Agnew, who is being investigated by a Maryland grand jury for allegedly taking bribes and for other misconduct. The lawyers had contended that the grand jury's investigation should be halted because a campaign of "malicious, immoral and illegal" leaks by Justice Department officials was designed to deprive the Vice President of his "basic rights to due process and fair hearing."

In effect, Hoffman turned the hunted into the hunter. He gave Judah Best, Martin London and Jay Topkis—attorneys for a man who has not yet even been indicted—sweeping authority to subpoena Justice prosecutors, newsmen and anyone else they think may know about the leaks.

Anybody subpoenaed who refuses to answer questions could be subject to jail sentences for contempt of court. Newsmen are particularly vulnerable, of course, because of their resistance to naming confidential sources. Doing a little leaking of his own, a source close to Agnew's defense indicated to TIME that the lawyers may not insist that reporters name each individual who provided information: the newsmen may be asked merely to confirm under oath that their stories accurately attributed leaks to "Justice Department sources." But what if they balk at this compromise? Will Agnew's attorneys then try to use the court's contempt power? "Obviously," said TIME's source, "they'd be inclined to go all the way in the case of someone giving them trouble."

Two days after Judge Hoffman handed down his order, Agnew's lawyers served subpoenas on TIME and Newsweek, plus reporters for both magazines, the New York Times, the New York Daily News, the Washington Post, the Washington Star-News, CBS and NBC. Subpoenas also were headed for Attorney General Elliot Richardson, Deputy Attorney General William French Smith and Assistant Attorney General Henry Petersen.

Judge Hoffman has ordered that the testimony of those subpoenaed "be sealed and not made part of any public file." He has also instructed Agnew's lawyers not to discuss the testimony publicly. Whether or not this attempt to impose some rare secrecy on the Agnew case succeeds, it was clear that Hoffman's three-paragraph directive posed

a perplexing array of public questions relating not only to the case but to the order itself. It also raised again the issue of how to reconcile the rights of a defendant with the rights of a free press.

What authority did Hoffman have to issue his order?

The order seems to be unprecedented. Nonetheless, "the judge had the discretion to do this," says Stanford Criminal Law Professor John Kaplan. "Any district-court judge has," because he has wide latitude in determining how the use of subpoena power will most effectively serve the court's interests.

What interest of the court was Hoffman trying to serve?

If prosecutors have conducted, as Agnew says, a "deliberate campaign" of leaks, it constitutes a serious breach of their duty as officers of the court. In that context, the judge's grant of broad subpoena powers can be seen as giving Agnew the fairest chance of gathering evidence to support his contention.

What, then, are the objections to Agnew's having such powers?

They can be used to tactical advantage for other purposes. The statute of limitations may soon bar prosecution of some of Agnew's alleged offenses, so any delay resulting from an investigation into the leaks would be to Agnew's advantage. And Harvard Law Professor John Ely points out that it will be difficult for the defense attorneys "to investigate leaks without being given access to the entirety of the Government's case, which is wrong." The broad powers to fish for any information they want could also be used to harass the prosecution. Says Columbia Law Professor Abraham Sofaer: "No one's ingenuity could possibly anticipate all the ways the defense lawyers could misuse this power." In addition, the threat of being subpoenaed could intimidate some newsmen and keep them from pursuing stories unfavorable to Agnew. Because he is, after all, a high-ranking public figure, continued scrutiny of the Vice President is clearly in the public interest.

What happens if Agnew proves his charges?

The judge could go along with Agnew's request and terminate the grand jury investigation. There is a recent rough analogy. In the Ellsberg case, the judge ruled that Government misconduct had so infected the charges that they must be permanently dropped. If Judge Hoffman made a similar ruling, however, the Vice President would not

necessarily be free of further investigation. He could still face impeachment charges. Of course, Hoffman could find that the leaks have caused Agnew no significant harm before the grand jury. The few faintly relevant cases suggest that the present grand jury will be allowed to continue. The theory, says Columbia Law Professor Telford Taylor, is that "it is no remedy against leaks to keep a person from trial."

Can the practice of leaking information serve the public interest?

Clearly, yes, after the Pentagon papers and Watergate. And where leaks make the public aware of a secret investigation, they serve another useful purpose: the chance of a special deal being struck is reduced; at the same time, public scrutiny helps to protect a defendant (even a Vice President) from being railroaded. Says Harvard Political Scientist Martin Shapiro: "The press provides a better check for the public on the criminal law process... It's better for the public to know what's happening."

Of course, the practice of leaking is open to abuse. False information can be spread to damage someone's reputation or prejudice his rights to a fair trial. In such cases, however, the offender is the leaker and not the newsman who reports the information in good faith. Says John Flynn, a law professor at the University of Utah: "To get at that person over the dead body of the First Amendment is not a price I want to pay."

If Justice Department leakers are identified, what penalties do they face?

At a minimum, they have violated department rules that ban any potentially prejudicial comment. The President has said that he will fire anyone found to have disobeyed that regulation. Leaky prosecutors may also be liable to contempt of court penalties for compromising the secrecy of a grand jury. The secrecy requirement dates back to common law and is designed, among other things, to protect the innocent from publication of unsubstantiated charges and to prevent the guilty from fleeing or tampering with witnesses. Technically, the Agnew case did not go to the grand jury until two weeks ago, and the majority of leaks came before then. Experts are divided over whether this distinction would prevent any contempt sentences. There is no doubt, however, in the unlikely event that a full-blown prosecutorial plot to prejudice Agnew's case is proved, there could be criminal charges of conspiracy.

Is there any evidence to date of a possible conspiracy against Agnew by Justice officials?

Not in the eyes of newsmen who have worked on the story. The first leaks



THE AGNEW LAWYERS—TOPKIS, BEST & LONDON—LEAVING COURT
In pursuit of the "malicious, immoral and illegal."

on the Agnew case did not even come from the Justice Department. They came from political sources in Maryland who got an idea what was afoot from questions being asked by investigators. Agnew quickly confirmed that an investigation was under way. A succession of leaks ensued from the White House and the Vice President's office. Only then did the Justice Department leaks begin. In the circumstances, they could have been designed merely to demonstrate what the President himself said last week: that the charges against Agnew were "serious and not frivolous."

Do newsmen face penalties as a result of Hoffman's order?

Not for printing their stories. But if a journalist should refuse to name his source, he could be held in contempt of court. The Supreme Court last year ruled that newsmen do have some special constitutional rights but must nonetheless answer grand jury questions unless the connection to a criminal investigation is "remote and tenuous." Because of the faint possibility of a criminal conspiracy being proved in this case, newsmen might be able to invoke successfully the inglorious but sturdy Fifth Amendment privilege against self-incrimination. More likely, though, their lawyers will again raise privilege arguments under the freedom of the press guarantees of the First Amendment.

Can the Agnew case still get a fair hearing before the grand jury?

Yes. For one thing, the prosecutors apparently have not been leaking information that they are not prepared to bring before the grand jury anyway. Moreover the publicity over Agnew's case may even help his cause. Usually a

potential defendant is not told what charges are being considered by a grand jury; thus he is unprepared to combat them. Even if he is prepared, he often gets no clear opportunity to present a defense. Grand jurors, as Judge Hoffman pointed out last week, decide only whether "the credible evidence before you, if unexplained and uncontradicted, would warrant a conviction." If the prosecution's story adds up to enough, the defendant always gets his chance to respond at a trial.

Can Agnew get a fair trial if he is indicted?

The overwhelming majority of legal experts consider a fair trial for Agnew entirely possible. Stanford's Kaplan thinks the prejudicial damage is "not even close by the standards we usually apply to criminal law." He cites the Charles Manson case, in which damaging mid-trial publicity included a personal verdict of guilty by President Nixon. "Even there," notes Kaplan, "the court did not have much trouble deciding he could get a fair trial." Manson was, of course, convicted. But Philip Berigan and the rest of the Harrisburg Seven got off, even after their alleged conspiracy to kidnap Henry Kissinger was loudly leaked by J. Edgar Hoover. Furthermore, the inevitability of leaks and publicity in famous cases, as well as modern means of communication, has long since rendered obsolete the notion of the pristinely "ignorant" jury. Experience in such trials has demonstrated the precautions that can protect the process—a delay to let the pretrial publicity die down, especially careful questioning of potential jurors to weed out the biased and sequestering of the chosen jurors during the actual trial.

HISTORICAL NOTES

The No. 2 Blues Is an Old Song

The current, barely concealed antagonism between President Nixon and Vice President Agnew is a reminder that the nation's top two officials seldom get along. That is not the way it was supposed to be. The founding fathers not only expected them to work closely in tandem, they worried about it. During the debates at the Constitutional Convention, Elbridge Gerry, who would become Vice President in 1813, complained: "The close intimacy that must subsist between the President and Vice President makes the relationship absolutely improper." To which Gouverneur Morris replied: "The Vice President then will be the first heir apparent that ever loved his father."

As it turned out, little love has been lost over the years. Only rarely have the two officials been the best of friends. Fairly typical was Thomas Jefferson's description of his No. 2 man, Aaron Burr: "A crooked gun or other per-

Originally, the Vice President was conceived as the second man most qualified to be President. John Adams, the first man to be elected to the office, filled that role. But he was also picked because he came from Massachusetts, while George Washington was a Virginian. Thus, even at the outset, the No. 2 man was selected at least partly to provide political balance for the No. 1. Washington did his best to get the job off to a good start by giving Adams many political responsibilities.

Cordiality, however, did not survive that first Administration. When Adams succeeded Washington, Thomas Jefferson, the leader of the opposition Republican Party, became Vice President. A split within the dominant Federalist Party caused Jefferson to come in second in the balloting for President in the Electoral College. Thus he was au-

der (though not convicted), he quickly lost his political influence.

When James Madison was inaugurated in 1809, his running mate, George Clinton, did not even show up. Nor was he much missed. Arriving in Washington several weeks later, he proceeded to attack most of Madison's policies. Equally disloyal was John C. Calhoun, the strident voice of the slave owners, who served under two Presidents. He managed to make life miserable for that indomitable Yankee John Quincy Adams by sabotaging his legislation in the Senate. But when he tried the same tactics with President Andrew Jackson, he was foiled. A classic encounter occurred at a Jefferson Day dinner when the President proposed a blunt toast: "To the Union—it must be preserved." His hand shaking, States-Righter Calhoun offered a limp rejoinder: "To the Union—next to our liberties most dear."

Not Honorable. President James A. Garfield and his running mate Chester A. Arthur quarreled over patronage to such an extent that the angry Vice President dashed off a letter to the *New York Herald*: "Garfield has not been



JOHN ADAMS & JOHN C. CALHOUN

verted instrument, whose aim or shot you could never be sure of." Or Hubert Humphrey's relations with his No. 1 man, Lyndon Johnson: "The only time I saw Johnson was when he ran out of people to chew on and raised hell with me."

The Vice President is usually picked because he differs from the President—ideologically, geographically, generationally. He may appeal to constituencies where the President is weakest; thus his behavior and outlook will be at variance with the President's. By its nature, the relationship encourages a rather intense rivalry. No President is likely to feel altogether comfortable with the man a heartbeat away from the job he usually covets; and only if the President dies does the Veep fulfill his real function. As John Adams acknowledged when he became Vice President: "I am nothing, but I may be everything." Some Presidents are truly surprised when they discover that their Veep has built up a political following of his own. "Think of it—Charley Fairbanks!" exclaimed Theodore Roosevelt on learning that his Vice President had a shot at the presidential nomination. "I never dreamt of such a thing!"



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER & NIXON
Little love lost.

tomatically named Vice President. This mixup could not be repeated after 1804 when the Twelfth Amendment was passed providing that the two offices had to be distinguished on the ballot.

Jefferson thought that the office should further his party's interests and, incidentally, his own. On Inauguration Eve, Adams asked his Vice President to go to revolutionary France to try to patch up relations with the U.S. Jefferson declined, partly on the grounds that he was not going to bail out a political opponent even if he happened to be President. From that point on, the two talked only when they had to.

Jefferson soon had his comeuppance. When he in turn stood for the highest office, Vice-Presidential Candidate Aaron Burr received an equal number of votes in the Electoral College, and the election was thrown into the House of Representatives. Burr eventually lost, but he continued to intrigue against the President until he killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel. Indicted for mur-



AARON BURR & THOMAS JEFFERSON

square nor honorable nor truthful. It's a hard thing to say of a President of the U.S., but it's only the truth." When Vice President James Sherman was requested by President William Howard Taft to stay in touch with the Speaker of the House, he responded: "I am the Vice President, and acting as a messenger boy is not part of the duties of the Vice President." Known as an "excellent average man," Vice President Thomas Marshall did not assume presidential responsibilities when Woodrow Wilson fell gravely ill. Instead, Wilson's wife Edith took over the Executive Branch, becoming, *de facto*, the first woman President. Shut off from the sickbed, consulted on nothing, Marshall took his usurpation gracefully. "I could throw this country into civil war," he confided, "but I won't."

Franklin Roosevelt did his best to get along with Vice President John Nance Garner, the former House Speaker who had broken the deadlock at the 1932 Democratic Convention and thrown the nomination to F.D.R. Initially helpful in getting New Deal legislation passed by Congress, Garner grew increasingly hostile to F.D.R.'s policies until the exasperated President



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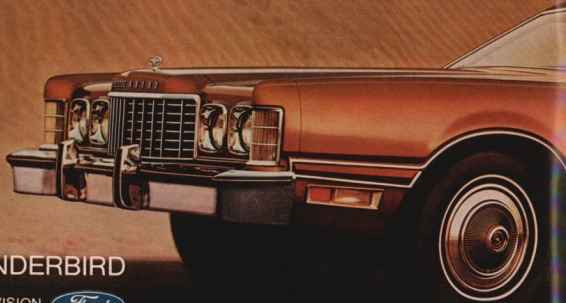
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complained: "Jack is very much opposed to the spending program, tax program and relief program. He seems to be pretty much against everything."

President Eisenhower gave Richard Nixon more responsibility than any Vice President had shouldered before. Nixon ran party affairs, served as chief liaison with Congress, chaired Cabinet and National Security Council meetings in Ike's absence. But the relationship got off to a shaky start when it was revealed that a group of California businessmen had contributed to a secret fund to help defray Nixon's expenses. Ike visibly cooled toward his running mate until Nixon won overwhelming public support with his famed Checkers speech. Over the years the two did not often meet socially, and Eisenhower let slip a number of less than flattering remarks about his Veep. Asked what decisions Nixon was responsible for in the Administration, Ike replied: "If you give me a week, I might think of one. I don't remember."

Bad Slip. Not all No. 2 men have felt abused by their boss. Abraham Lincoln applied his "malice toward none, charity for all" even to Vice Presidents. The nation was scandalized when Vice President Andrew Johnson turned up drunk on Inauguration Day, 1865, and delivered an incoherent harangue that ran longer than the President's sober address. Said Lincoln: "I have known Andy Johnson for many years. He made a bad slip the other day, but you need not be scared. Andy ain't a drunkard."

One of the reasons for the perennial tension and animosity between the top two officials is the fact that the Vice President has so little to do. John Adams pronounced the post the "most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived." Ever since, political analysts have been trying to figure out how to improve it. Most of them echo the founding fathers' belief that he should be the man most qualified to take over the presidency. But how to achieve that in a job, as Political Scientist Clinton Rossiter once put it, "suspended in a constitutional limbo between executive and legislature, and in a political limbo between obscurity and glory?" A Vice Presidential Selection Commission of the Democratic Party is holding hearings in all 50 states to try to devise a more effective way of picking the second in command. Over the years, suggestions have varied from a separate primary or ballot for the Veep to abolishing the office altogether and letting an elder statesman be named as successor if the President dies. Former Minnesota Senator Eugene McCarthy has suggested stripping the Vice President of all routine political chores and treating him "much as a crown prince is treated in a monarchy. He should be trained in the arts of government." It would seem that just about everybody is agreed that the No. 2 man is not a fraction of what he should be, and the President treats him accordingly.

REPUBLICANS

Big John on the Road

"Every now and then, you oldtimers of the party ought to listen to us young fellows just a little," drawled the speaker at the \$50-a-plate Republican fundraising bash in Kansas City, Kans. "And I happen to be about the newest fellow there is in this party." The mostly prosperous, middle-aged G.O.P. faithful in the audience were hardly the sort who normally take well to lecturings from their juniors, but they were very interested in hearing this one. The "youngest Republican," as he cheerfully proclaims himself, was Big John Connally—five months young as a registered member of the G.O.P., but about as politically junior as Boss Tweed in his heyday. The audience loved it.

Connally is in the early phase of a speechmaking blitz that by mid-December is to take him, in at least 40 separate appearances, to every section of the nation. Like his talk in Kansas City, about half are scheduled for strictly Republican audiences—the middle-ranking committee members and fund raisers who feel that they have a right to a firsthand look at the party's newest star and who can be very helpful at a nominating convention if they like him. "I'm going to pace myself a little better next year," Connally claims. "I did get a little too heavily committed this fall. But I enjoy it."

Short Visits. Connally's getting-to-know-you campaign could hardly be better timed. With Vice President Spiro Agnew's political future suddenly in deep trouble, the party is without a front runner for its 1976 nomination. Though Connally's staff insists that his key speaking engagements were set before Agnew's problems became known and that he is thus not using the Vice President's political wounds to his own advantage, Connally is clearly not about to shrink from the possibility of taking over the party's powerful conservative wing.

His primary message is a blend of sophisticated logic about the limits of U.S. resources and rather simplistic answers to the resulting problems. "We've got some rough days ahead of us," says Connally. "We don't have all the oil we need, we don't have all the energy we need. We've got to rely on Chile and Zambia and Saudi Arabia and Canada, and they're going to set the price." How to cope? "We're going to have to be more thrifty in our use of things. Let's just recognize the problem and buckle down and get at it."

The youngest Republican says that he has never discussed with President Nixon the possibility of succeeding Agnew if the office of vice president should become vacant. However, he has strongly urged the President not to choose a weak "caretaker" No. 2 under any circumstances. Coming from the party's leading non-wallflower, that hardly

sounded like a Shermansque bowing out.

As for the other subject that requires delicate handling by Republicans these days, Watergate, Connally is much more direct. "Let's talk about Watergate," he thundered in Kansas City. "Before you put on your mourning clothes, let me ask for a show of hands in this hall from anyone who had any part in it." Getting across his point that the party should not take the blame for the acts of a "few individuals," Connally then indulged a frequent penchant for overstatement by going on to compare any Watergate-caused "class indictment" against Republicans to "religious indictments and racial indictments."

His rambling, overlong style has left many of Big John's audiences a bit

SHELLY KATZ—CAMERA 5



CONNALLY MINGLING AT TEXAS APPEARANCE
The No. 1 non-wallflower.

heavy-lidded by the end of the evening, but by and large, Republicans seem enthusiastic about their newest convert. "The people I talked to before the meeting were skeptical because he's a short-term Republican," said Architect Richard Peters of Lawrence, Kans. "But they're damned glad now that he's a Republican."

Pressing the flesh with small businessmen and middle-level party workers does not come easily to the high-powered Connally. He usually arranges to keep his visits short, even if that requires chartering a jet back to Houston following a late-evening speech. Sometimes, though, there is just no way. Last week after an appearance in Grand Rapids, Connally plaintively asked an aide: "We've definitely got to stay here tonight, haven't we?" The answer was yes.

THE WHITE HOUSE

The Deductible President

An American couple that earns a salary of \$200,000 a year is theoretically liable for federal taxes as high as \$100,000. In 1970 Richard and Pat Nixon, who have an income of more than \$200,000 a year, reportedly paid \$792.81 in federal income taxes; in 1971 they paid \$878.03. Their taxes were the equivalent of those paid by a family of three that earns between \$7,500 and \$8,500 annually. While the Nixons escaped the category of zero taxpayers, it was only by a pittance.

The reason that the First Family paid so little tax is, of course, the large amount of deductions they were able to take, substantially reducing the amount of their taxable income. The deductions, if startling, were proper and permissible. Part of them were for tax payments on the San Clemente and Key Biscayne sites and for interest payments on loans the Nixons had made to finance the purchase of these properties. But the biggest deduction of \$570,000 covered the gift of Nixon's vice-presidential papers to the National Archives. He wrote off \$60,000 in 1969 with the remainder to be deducted over the next five years. This kind of deduction was eliminated in June 1969 by the Tax Reform Act, but the President got his gift in under the wire in March of that year.

Two Lines. Nevertheless, Tax Analysts and Advocates, a public-interest, tax-law firm based in Washington, has challenged the write-off on a variety of grounds. The organization charges that the deed transferring the papers to the archives was signed by neither Nixon nor the General Services Administration but by a White House legal aide. The tax group also claims that the President did not clearly transfer "dominion and control" over the papers; there are restrictions on who can see them and quote from them.

Ordinarily, presidential tax returns are not a matter of public record. They are apparently locked up in a safe across the hall from the office of the IRS Commissioner. But narrow information contained on two lines of all returns—taxes paid and refunds received—is stored in the central IRS computer in Martinsburg, W. Va. Any clerk could have leaked them to the Providence (R.I.) *Journal-Bulletin*, which broke the story. While not disputing the facts as printed, the White House replied that the President had followed "normal procedures" in filing his taxes. His returns had received a "complete audit" and were accepted without change.

Some of his taxes, however, are going up. In the wake of the uproar over his San Clemente property, local officials have ordered the house and grounds to be reappraised. As a result, this year his California property tax is expected to jump from \$34,000 to \$74,000.



DONALD SEGRETTI

ROBERT BENZ

MARTIN KELLY

WATERGATE

Dirty, but Surely Beyond Tricks

"Can you tell me any time in the history of the U.S. that aides in the White House and the President's personal attorney made money available to people to spread lies and libels on candidates of the opposition party?"

His voice rising in anger, his eyes boring coldly into the face of a defiant witness, Senator Sam Ervin assailed the notion that White House-inspired dirty tricks employed in the 1972 presidential campaign were commonplace practices in U.S. politics. Regaining some of their lost momentum, even while losing full television coverage for the first time, Ervin's Watergate committee hearings hammered home a key point: there was a humorless, malicious quality in many of these covert activities that carried them well beyond the category of mere pranks.

The committee questioned Donald Segretti, 32, a baby-faced Los Angeles lawyer who said he had been recruited by two former White House aides, Dwight Chapin and Gordon Strachan, to carry out secret operations aimed at hindering the presidential primary campaign of Democratic Senator Edmund Muskie and sowing dissension among the leading Democratic candidates. The committee also called two of the 28 agents Segretti had enlisted to help him pursue those aims in a dozen states. The testimony of this third-rate trio of political schemers indicated that they were far from a formidable, sophisticated force. With considerable justification, Republican Senator Edward Gurney called theirs a "rinky-dink operation."

Yet Gurney, repeatedly emphasizing the limited distribution of various deceitful or defamatory letters, handbills and ads circulated by Segretti and his crew, seemed to miss the main point. While the testimony failed to show that these tactics had actually contributed much to Muskie's downfall or turned the candidates bitterly and personally against each other, this was due more

to ineptness than to a lack of intent. Moreover, Segretti testified that he reported his acts, some of which were crimes, to Chapin, his "control" at the White House. He said that Chapin, who was then Nixon's appointments secretary, generally praised him and found many of the deeds amusing.

Although many of these activities had been reported before, they drew denunciation from the Senators as they were read into the committee's record. They included the fabrication of a letter to Muskie stationery accusing Senators Hubert Humphrey and Henry Jackson of profligate sexual activity. This had received local newspaper attention during the Florida primary, leading Chapin to laud Segretti for getting \$10,000 worth of publicity for \$20. Segretti also admitted distributing a phony Humphrey press release falsely claiming that Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm, another Democratic candidate, had been in a mental institution.

Other dismal acts of the Segretti team included:

- ▶ Distributing posters in Florida signed by a fictitious "Mothers Backing Muskie Committee" and reading: HELP MUSKIE IN BUSING MORE CHILDREN NOW (Committee Chief Counsel Sam Dash asked Segretti: "You were one of the mothers backing Muskie?").

- ▶ Accusing Muskie of racism through anonymous newspaper and radio ads.

- ▶ Forging the signature of a Eugene McCarthy aide on letters urging McCarthy and Chisholm supporters to switch to Humphrey.

- ▶ Sending anti-Humphrey material from nonexistent "Democrats for Peace" and "Democrats for a Liberal Alternative" organizations to spread the idea that much of the Democratic party was against Humphrey.

Segretti, who has pleaded guilty to three misdemeanor counts of distributing unauthorized campaign literature,

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was completely contrite. "My activities were wrong and have no place in the American political system," he said. He was paid nearly \$45,000 by Herbert Kalmbach, Nixon's attorney, for his and some of his agents' work and expenses, he claimed.

Even more remorseful was one of Segretti's Florida aides, Martin Kelly, 24, a Miamian. More articulate and politically savvy than the other two witnesses, he declared sadly: "Any shame or abuse that can be heaped on me is certainly well deserved." Kelly did, however, relate one of the few lighthearted tricks of the campaign. He said he had offered a University of Florida coed \$20 to run naked past a hotel where Muskie was staying and to shout: "Muskie, I love you!" To his surprise, she did so. Quipped the normally solemn Senator Joseph Montoya: "You must have known the young lady quite well." Replied Kelly: "Unfortunately, no."

More Filthy. The third witness, Robert Benz, 25, of Lutz, Fla., conceded that his participation in political misdeeds was wrong, but he angered the committee by justifying it as normal. He also offered the odd excuse that his intent was to improve politics by showing Democrats, whom he accused of unspecified similar acts, that they would not escape retaliation. "Do you believe that the way to clean up politics is to make it more filthy?" asked an infuriated Ervin. At one point, Benz snapped at Ervin: "Where were you in 1960 when it was accused that an election was stolen? Where were you then?" Replied Ervin: "I was right here in the U.S. and I never heard of a campaign being stolen on the credible testimony of any individual."

Still seething with some internal dissonance over the handling of White House Witness Patrick Buchanan the week before, the committee hopes to complete its dirty-tricks phase this week. Some Democratic staff members have been privately critical of Dash for calling Buchanan to testify and for what they consider his politically naive, inept questioning of Buchanan, who verbally and sometimes brilliantly mauled the committee—and got away with it.

When the committee turns later to its examination of campaign funding, one sensation is expected to turn up. TIME has learned that the staff has largely substantiated a charge by Columnist Jack Anderson that aides of the eccentric Howard Hughes gave \$100,000 in cash to Nixon's friend Bebe Rebozo in 1970 for transferral to the President. The committee staff has traced the payments to Rebozo, but has not yet been able to determine whether the cash actually reached Nixon. Deputy Presidential Press Secretary Gerald Warren claims flatly that Nixon never did receive any such funds. Some of Hughes' former associates have told investigators that the money was meant to buy influence and was not intended as a campaign contribution.

POLITICAL BRIEFS

Jackson Weighs In

In a lackluster mayoralty campaign that made up in the number of candidates fielded (eleven in all) for what it lacked in zest, Atlanta's 35-year-old black vice mayor, Maynard Jackson, all 275 lbs. of him, broke from the pack last week and finished first with 46.6% of the vote. In next week's runoff, Jackson seems likely to beat incumbent Mayor Sam Massell, who finished second with 19.8%. Running a close third, with 19.1% of the vote, was Charles Weltner, a U.S. Congressman from 1963 to 1967 who was one of the South's first white liberals in national politics.

The campaign's only other black candidate, State Senator Leroy Johnson, sapped some of Jackson's strength this time out, but could not keep Jackson from winning a giant 81% of the black vote. What has some observers worried, however, is the possibility of a deep racial split in the runoff. Jackson polled only 6% of the white vote. It is possible that white voters may have been confused by the proliferation of candidates: in a two-man, black v. white race, they may turn out in significant enough numbers to defeat Jackson. Though 52.5% of Atlanta's population is black, only 49% of its registered voters are. If Massell can bestir apathetic white voters, and Jackson falters seriously with the blacks, the outcome could be a surprise.

Perk Out in Front

When you are the first Republican mayor of your city in three decades, and, what is more, Democrats there outnumber Republicans 8 to 1, it behooves you to run, at the very least, a shrewd reelection campaign. Cleveland Mayor Ralph J. Perk has been doing just that, and last week he won 56% of the vote in the nominating primary against Millionaire Democrat James M. Carney.* Perk took office two years ago, succeeding Carl Stokes and changing the tone

*To avoid multiple candidacies in the general election, the two top vote-getters in Cleveland's non-partisan primary automatically go on to face one another in the general election, even if one of them receives more than 50% of the primary vote.



JACKSON AT HEADQUARTERS



PERK BREAKFASTING AT HOME
From soul food to sauerkraut.

of city hall from soul food to sauerkraut. To unseat him, Carney, an attorney and land developer, seemed an apt choice—a moderate white who represented both black and business interests and commanded the resources to run an estimated \$100,000 campaign. Perk spent hardly any money on advertising; instead, he capitalized on—and deepened—his personal popularity and purposeful ethnic Bunkerism. Perk did well in the white wards (where he won 79.8% of the vote), and Carney performed well with blacks (84.1%).

What was not expected was that Carney would do as poorly as he did among whites. By contrast, Perk's showing among blacks was impressive. When



ALIOTO ANNOUNCING CANDIDACY
A victim of saboteurs and a sought-after prophet.



HICKEL IN WASHINGTON

THE NATION

he ran in 1971, Perk got less than 4% of the black vote. This time he received a respectable 15%. Perk seems a sure winner in the general election in November, where he will face Carney again.

Alioto Announces

San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto announced last week that he will seek the Democratic nomination for Governor of California next year, and what he is using to recommend himself to the voters is, of all things, his connection with Watergate principals. When charges linking Alioto with the Mafia were published four years ago, they were followed with a set of allegations concerning fee-splitting in Washington State. Alioto successfully defended himself against both sets of charges in court, and he never misses an opportunity to voice his contention that the men behind the fee-splitting charge were none other than John Mitchell, John Ehrlichman and Egil ("Bud") Krogh. He thus lays claim to being the first victim of the "unprincipled political saboteurs of Watergate," and a man who beat them. Alioto is well-financed and has a progressive record as mayor; the Watergate ploy seems designed in part to boost his standing with Democratic voters. In recent preferential polls, Alioto placed second (with 22%) to California Secretary of State Edmund G. Brown Jr. (who garnered 42%). Though Brown has not yet announced, his popular father served two terms as Governor—and that connection California Democrats seem to find easy enough to remember without Brown's mentioning it at all.

Hickel Vindicated

When Alaska's Walter Hickel fell into disfavor at the White House in 1970 and was ousted as Richard Nixon's Secretary of the Interior, his reputation in his home state plummeted faster than he could explain himself. Hickel could not convince his fellow Republicans that his principled tenure in Washington had been the best course. Said one: "When we finally get one of our boys close to the President, he blows it."

But as the deeds surrounding Watergate began to spill into public light last April, Wally Hickel began to look like a prophet. The Anchorage *Times* editorialized in praise of his foresight, his book about his frustrated struggles within the Nixon Administration (*Who Owns America?*) found a clutch of new readers, and Hickel began to be the most sought-after Republican speaker in the state. His new status is so solid that many of Alaska's southeastern businessmen are urging him to run for Governor, and oil interests have already pledged their support if he decides to run for the Senate. Both races are next year. "I'll go for one or the other," says Hickel. "But for right now, I'm satisfied with the knowledge that most people in Alaska believe I'm an honest politician."



SANS SOUCI MAITRE D' PAUL DELISLE

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDLEY

Where the Elite Meet to Eat

Jean Baptiste Delisle may be the most skillful politician in Washington. Every noon he brings together the folks who count in the fractured capital and he sends them away a little mellowed. Paul, as he is known to the cognoscenti, is the maitre d' of the Sans Souci, the restaurant that has become a national institution.

Sans Souci may be the most significant extracurricular power arena in the Western Hemisphere, perhaps the world. It is the only place where the people who run things still see each other and behave in a civilized way. And eat well, too.

A couple of Fridays ago Pierre Salinger, John Kennedy's press secretary, penned a note between bites of his shrimps *sautés nantua* and sent it over to Pat Buchanan, President Nixon's speechwriter, who was deep into an *omelette au parmesan*. Salinger congratulated Buchanan for his performance before the Watergate committee. On his way out of the restaurant, Buchanan stopped for a cheery chat with Salinger and his companions, Columnist Art Buchwald and Frank Mankiewicz, George McGovern's sometime campaign aide.

At another table on that day, Jeb Magruder dined on scampi and still looked a little self-conscious. But Paul is nursing this early Watergate casualty back to full participation. When Magruder called to see if he could still get a reservation, Paul said, "Of course, Mr. Magruder, you still belong to Sans Souci."

Indeed, Buchwald, who is more or less the presiding elder, claims that before long it will be just like Harvard. A father will have to enroll his son at birth to be accepted at Sans Souci.

Most of the 32 tables are committed for as long as the republic lasts. At every lunch Paul can expect Republicans, Democrats, rights, lefts, ins and apparently outs. Sometimes, to keep them all separated but still within view of each other, he will have to change a person's table 15 times before he or she arrives. The toughest situation now is between the Nixon and Agnew men. Back on that same Friday, Paul maneuvered Vic Gold, Agnew's former press secretary and current White House nemesis, a respectable distance from Ken Clawson, a Nixon aide.

The other night Paul got a call from a man. "I am General Haig [the President's White House staff chief]," the voice said. "I would like a table for four and send the bill to the White House." Paul knows his people and their voices, and that is not the way things are done. He politely informed the impostor that he had no tables left, and the incident was quietly buried in Paul's memory, a rich lodge of human behavior at the epicenter. Paul says, "I don't hear anything, I don't see anything, I don't say anything."

He does break a Sans Souci rule now and then, however. The restaurant does not send meals out. But on a lonely Saturday afternoon a plaintive request from Henry Kissinger for his favorite luncheon steak was instantly honored. A tray bearing an elegant setting was handed to a security agent who had been dispatched for the pickup. The nation went on.

The Sans Souci regulars have learned to read the subtle signs of power from the day's mix of people. A sudden increase in White House personnel means the President is out of his office. In the eye of every crisis, Kissinger shows up. Sometimes with a girl. How come, he was asked once. "It's hopeless," he joked. "There is no sense doing anything."

Buchwald claims that any story that survives 48 hours in the Sans Souci is almost certainly true. He also claims that any high Administration figure who is stood up at the Sans Souci is on the skids and had better begin to look for work.

"And if Henry Kissinger comes in and sits anywhere in the restaurant," declares Buchwald, "everybody's lunch is deductible." Since commissioners of Internal Revenue dine there, too, it may be so.

DOMESTIC POLITICS

She Shall Not Be Moved

In the bustling market house on the docks of Annapolis, Md., radio music wafted over the stacks of fruits and vegetables. "Please release me," the voice wailed. "Let me go. I don't love you any more." A woman at the bakery counter called to a friend in the fruit department: "Oh, they're playing the Governor's song."

Governor Marvin Mandel is the talk of his state—for all the wrong reasons. These days his mouth is clenched more tightly than ever around one of his collection of 400 pipes; he endures the humiliation of being balked by his wife of 32 years. The pair are living in separate homes—only it happens that Barbara ("Bootsie") Mandel, 53, is occupying the 54-room Governor's mansion in Annapolis while Marvin has taken refuge in a five-room bachelor pad two miles away. Mandel was once considered a shoo-in for re-election in 1974; if his marital standoff continues, he may face stiff competition from politicians who are living—however uneasily—with their wives.

The ruckus began with a simple announcement in July. Just as in a political matter, the Governor figured that the best way to solve his problem would be to make it public. He issued a press release at the State House: "I would like to announce that I am separated from Mrs. Mandel. My decision, and the separation, are final and irrevocable, and I will take immediate action to dissolve the marriage. I am in love with another woman, Mrs. Jeanne Dorsey, and I intend to marry her. There will be no further comment or discussion."

Well, not quite. It seems the Governor had not won the approval of Bootsie, who had staunchly resisted separation. "He should see a psychiatrist," she said in reply. "The pressure of the job must have gone to his head. I am as-

tonished, amazed, unbelieving." She was also unmoving. She had been elected First Lady of Maryland, she insisted, and First Lady she would remain. As she told TIME's Arthur White: "I'm not getting a divorce. I'm trying to save our marriage. I've had a happy married life for a long time. I worked while he went to law school. We climbed the ladder together. We achieved the impossible dream [the governorship]."

Limited Options. Bootsie has not only elected to stay put in the 105-year-old Georgian mansion, she continues to carry on business more or less as usual. She conducts occasional tours of the mansion as her bodyguard, a state trooper, stands at the ready. (His accompanied Marvin to the apartment.) She attends outside events, such as a meeting of the United Democratic Women's Clubs of Southern Maryland, where members of the audience openly wept over her plight. "I intend to stay politically active," she assured them. "Male candidates must remember they cannot do it without the women. I think that women such as myself and all those you see here make the difference in an election." Last week, she was the guest of honor at a \$25-a-plate dinner sponsored by Hot Line for Youth, Inc., a Baltimore group that counsels troubled teen-agers. At the outset, she had trouble with her microphone. She asked the audience: "Are you sure that the p.r. man who works for my husband didn't set that up?" Once properly amplified, Bootsie declared: "We must seek the moral standards we want our children to follow." Her two children, Ellen and Gary, took out a full-page advertisement in the din-

ner program stating: "Congratulations, Mother, on an honor you truly deserve."

How to get back into the mansion is only one of the thorny problems facing the Governor. His options are limited. He could storm the place and forcibly eject his hard-to-estrangle wife, but at the risk of never winning another woman's vote in Maryland. As a friend of the Governor's observed: "If she goes, she'll have to go under her own steam." He could file for a Maryland divorce, but since it is contested, he could have as much as a three-year wait. If he sought a speedier divorce elsewhere, he would have to establish out-of-state residence, and thus give up his office.

Last week the Governor tried another kind of pressure tactic. He ordered the state controller to make out the quarterly voucher for the expenses of the mansion to himself and not to Bootsie. "I don't know why he did it," she objected. "Why is he changing a system that was working so well? We always paid our bills on time. Will the Governor do the same?"

Willing to Wait. Although no position papers are available, it can be assumed that the conscientious Governor put as much thought into his separation as he does into complex legislation at the State House. It was no overnight decision. He has known the comely, ash blonde, 36-year-old Jeanne Dorsey for ten years; she divorced her husband, a former state senator, in 1969. She takes their romance very seriously. A recent convert to Judaism, the Governor's religion, she is willing to wait for Mandel, however long it takes him. "If it took forever, I would wait," she declares. "The type of love we have does not know time. He's my whole life. I love him totally. All we ask is that people try to understand." Except, of course, for Bootsie, who is obviously beyond understanding. Jeanne will not discuss her tenacious rivalry for the Governor's mansion, if not for his affections.

Public opinion is sympathetic to

BARBARA MANDEL



JEANNE DORSEY & HER SON



MARVIN MANDEL



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MEXLETTER



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THE NATION

the homeless Governor, but many Maryland women have sided with Bootsie. Wrote one indignant woman: "The Prince of Wales had to abdicate an entire kingdom when his personal life interfered with the laws of the realm. Should not Marvin Mandel give up the governorship?" Complained another: "As a taxpayer, I resent my tax money's being used to pay secret service men to accompany the Governor on his love trysts. Who was watching the shop while the Governor was pursuing his ladylove? I always thought any man who smokes a pipe was above reproach."

Adamant about not moving, Bootsie is not especially hostile toward her wandering husband. "I want us to have another chance," she says. "I want to end my life with my husband." Whatever their personal differences, she respects Marvin politically as much as ever and intends to back him for re-election. There, for the time being, the impasse rests. Or, as the motto on the great seal of Maryland proclaims, "*Fatti maschi parole femine* [Manly deeds, womanly words]."

der, Boston's whites poured out rage and alarm on local talk-show radio programs. They were quickly echoed by blacks, who realize all too well that the residents of a neighborhood quickly become the primary victims of any crime rampage started there. "Everyone in the black community is upset," said State Representative Royal Bolling. "This is one of the most horrible things to ever happen in our area." Nevertheless, the tension soon found a fresh point at Andrew Square in a declining white neighborhood and near the notoriously ill-planned and ill-sited black housing project of Columbia Point. After fending off an attack by white youths, a black gang armed with clubs and knives collected around a Columbia Point school, forcing jittery authorities to close it. As a result, large groups of idle black teenagers were soon wandering the area, and in quick succession they claimed three white victims. Two of them were stabbed

CRIME

Boston's Double Horror

Boston was spared the major racial violence that at one time or another during the last decade flared in most major U.S. cities. But the persistent frictions of blacks and whites in close urban proximity are a fact of life in Boston as nearly everywhere. Youthful gangs of blacks and whites engaged in several street fights last summer, and recently the racial feeling in the racially mixed neighborhood of Dorchester grew so dangerous that authorities closed a public high school for two days. Yet nothing in the city's mood or texture remotely prepared Bostonians for what happened there last week: two of the most vicious, apparently racial, murders in memory.

The first victim was Evelyn Wagler, 24, a Swiss divorcee who had moved to Boston only five days earlier and was living in a small commune in the city's Roxbury ghetto with another white and four black women. While she was on her way home from a job-hunting trip, her car ran out of gasoline in the center of Roxbury's business district. Returning to it with a two-gallon refill can from a service station, the young woman was forced into a trash-filled backyard along Blue Hill Avenue by six black teenagers, beaten and ordered to douse herself with the fuel. After the terrified victim complied, one of them set her afire with a match. Before dying five hours later, she told police that three of her assailants had been part of a black group that had called her a "honky" the previous day and warned her that whites were unwelcome in Roxbury.

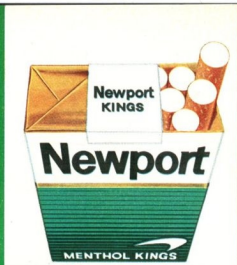
Appalled by the immolation mur-



VICTIM EVELYN WAGLER
An eruption of violence.

dered, and Ludovico Barba, 65, a retired contractor who was fishing off rocks at the point in his rubber waders, was stoned by a gang of about 30 youths. They then stabbed him to death and robbed him.

Boston Mayor Kevin White offered a \$5,000 reward for information leading to the capture of Mrs. Wagler's murderers, and police soon arrested two suspects, aged 15 and 16, in the Barba killing. The mayor made a point of keeping all Boston schools open on Friday, claiming that despite the week's double horror his city "is still the most livable, walkable, decent city in America." But many parents—both white and black—kept their children out of school, fearing that the savage eruption of violence might not yet have run its course.



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Monday July 24

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The Chicago Stop on the New Underground Railroad

The mud-caked Ford van slid to a stop in front of a crumbling brick apartment house on Chicago's 18th Street. Eight young men darted out of the van and into the building, and were barely inside when cries of "*La migrá! La migrá!*" echoed down the hallway. The warning that immigration agents might be near by sent the eight scurrying into an attic hideaway. After an edgy two hours, the men found out the cry had been a false alarm and they breathed a bit easier.

They were not apt to feel secure for long, however, since they were Mexicans who only 35 hours earlier had illegally crossed the border into the U.S. to take up life as *mojados*, or "wetbacks," as they call themselves. The men were passengers on a modern underground railroad, a burgeoning smuggling network that has immigration officials perplexed as to how to stop it.

Until recently most illegal Mexican aliens have sought work and haven closer to home; generally they went in search of agricultural jobs in the Southwest. But now aspiring immigrants have started to head for the industrial cities of the Midwest. The majority aim for Chicago, where they can quickly fade into the city's Latin population of 300,000. One observer close to the Mexican community estimates that as many as 75,000 *mojados* are now in the Second City.

Stowaway Vans. No one knows for certain, but current estimates are that 50 to 100 men arrive every day. It is no easy trip. Often the *mojados* cross the border on their own and meet up with a smuggler on the other side. Then, for fees as high as \$400 each, they are driven the 1,400 miles to Chicago. They hide out on the illegal journey in the smugglers' cars, trucks and vans, sometimes stowing away in cardboard boxes or disappearing behind loads of watermelons and sacks of potatoes. One smuggler tucked his stowaways in his trunk, and supplied them with the needed air circulation by connecting fans in the trunk to the car's cigarette-lighter outlet.

Smugglers are wary of sharp-eyed immigration agents and highway patrolmen, and must frequently take back roads and lengthy detours. Sophisticated smugglers, some of whom make \$75,000 a year, employ two-way radios, lookout cars, and rented vehicles that are hard to trace. A few unscrupulous operators have even been known to recruit willing *mojados*, load them into a waiting vehicle at \$250 a head, and then renege on the contract by dumping them 15 miles north of the Mexican border for a tidy profit with no risk involved, since their victims can hardly complain to the police.

Usually, however, the smugglers deliver their man north as promised, and even undertake to find a job for the alien once he has arrived. But for their em-

ployment services, the smugglers sometimes demand in addition up to half of a man's salary for his first two months at work. Some smuggling rings also operate decrepit rooming houses and charge a man \$35 a week to share a two-room apartment with four others.

Still, most of the new arrivals gladly pay the extorted money for a chance to live clandestinely in the U.S. and earn wages that are from two to five times what they could get at home. Most are in their 20s, and have a wife and several children back home. A few manage to earn as much as \$150 a week in suburban industries. The majority, however, end up at menial labor—washing dishes, mowing lawns or changing tires.

halls and movie theaters and, for fear of discovery, seldom leave their rooms except to go to work. Among the first words the new arrivals learn are "I am hungry" and "Bud" and "Schlitz." Few ever acquire much English, since they almost never venture outside the barrios. Even a trip to the doctor can be risky. Says Illinois Parole Officer Eriberto Campos: "The *mojado* quickly learns that he has no voice, and can't afford to get busted or to get a traffic ticket. He can't even afford to complain."

How can the influx be halted or at least slowed? The U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service admits it is understaffed, and says it is fighting a losing battle to stem the increase in illegal



NEWLY ARRIVED MOJADOS EXPLORING THEIR NEIGHBORHOOD IN CHICAGO
Undeterred by continued risks, harassment and exploitation.

Chintzy employers have been known to pay them as little as 90¢ an hour. Says Father Peter Rodriguez, a Chicago priest who serves the Mexican community: "They are holding jobs that nobody in this country wants, but happy to be doing it because of conditions in Mexico." It is not against the law to employ illegal aliens, and Representative Peter Rodino of New Jersey thinks that is precisely what is aggravating the problem. Rodino has introduced a bill that would fine an employer \$500 if he was caught more than once hiring an illegal alien. The bill was passed by the House, and is now being considered by the Senate Judiciary Committee.

Most of Chicago's new arrivals are concentrated in one South Side barrio—a belt of rundown housing and storefronts that extends 36 blocks west along 18th Street. They confine themselves to the area's seedy rooming houses, pool

alien traffic—even though its raids are netting 35 illegals a day in Chicago. When found, the aliens are rarely put through the time-consuming process of deportation. They are simply shipped back home by bus at a cost of \$50, which they must pay. A large number lose little time in organizing a trip back to the U.S. for yet another try.

Some observers, including many Chicanos, say the problem begins at the border and must be halted there—by tighter controls. Others insist that the thousands who are already in the U.S. should be granted legal status. But most illegals simply hope to elude authorities long enough to earn a stake. The continued risks, harassment and exploitation do not deter them. Says one laborer: "If the police catch me, I will keep trying to come back, again and again. This life is better than any I can hope to have back home."



DEFENSE MINISTER DAYAN



SMOKE RISES FROM A SETTLEMENT IN NORTHERN ISRAEL AFTER IT WAS SHELLED BY SYRIAN

THE WORLD

MIDDLE EAST/COVER STORY

Black October: Old Enemies at War Again

The sirens began to wail while all Israel was observing Yom Kippur, the holiest and also the quietest day of the Jewish year. By tradition, tens of thousands of servicemen were home on leave; Israeli Broadcasting had shut down for the day; and just about the only vehicles on the highways were ambulances.

As crowds of worshippers emerged from synagogues at the end of the five-hour-long morning services of atonement, they found the streets filled with speeding trucks, buses and Jeeps. The Israeli radio was back on the air. All afternoon its broadcasts of news bulletins and classical music were interrupted by such incongruous phrases as "meat pie," "sea wolf" and "wool string"—military codes calling reservists to duty. By late afternoon, virtually every Israeli—and much of the rest of the world as well—knew that what Defense Minister Moshe Dayan defiantly called "all-out war" had begun again.

Blue Point. The fighting erupted when Egyptian troops surged across the Suez Canal and Syrian soldiers struck in the north on the Golan Heights. Both forces swept through Israel's front lines and punched their way into Israeli-held territory under the glare of an afternoon sun. Backed by heavy artillery and strafing jets, they maneuvered with tanks and armored vehicles. Helicopters carried some Arab troops into battle. United Nations observers reported seeing Egyptians crossing into the Sinai Desert at five points along the 103-mile

canal front; Syrian troops were spotted moving into Israel over the central section of the Golan Heights cease-fire line by other U.N. teams. The Syrians were soon stopped, but the Egyptians claimed that within hours they occupied nearly all of the east bank of the canal—a claim quickly denied by the Israelis. Though both Egypt and Syria insisted that invading Israeli troops had started the war, the evidence clearly indicated that the fourth Arab-Israeli war in 25 years had been launched by a massive Arab invasion. Within 24 hours, Israeli troops had stemmed the Arab thrust and were delivering a brutal counterattack.

News of the invasion sent Israeli civilians cleaning out their bomb shelters, filling their bathtubs with water and taping their windows for blackouts. At several synagogues, services were interrupted as the sextons stood up and called out the names of young men who were being summoned to duty; other worshippers, on hearing the news, quickly folded their prayer shawls and departed; some returned later, in uniform, to bid their families goodbye. That day, Israeli warplanes buzzed Israel's principal cities, perhaps as a signal for air force call-ups; but it was a curious occurrence, because planes had never flown over Israel during Yom Kippur before.

The suddenness of the fighting created some curious anomalies on both sides. Despite a blackout, the shop-window lights on Tel Aviv's fashionable Dizengoff Street and Allenby Road

snapped on automatically at sundown; shopkeepers quickly turned them off. In Cairo, which lies but seven minutes by jet from the canal, the streets were brightly lit for hours after sundown. "You mean," demanded a sidewalk vendor in disbelief, "that we are fighting Israel with all these lights on?" By late evening, when the government ordered that all electric lights and headlights be daubed with blue paint, the war reports seemed more convincing.

Odious Lie. From the beginning, the Israeli government maintained an outward calm that made a convincing show of its self-confidence. Prime Minister Golda Meir went on the air in late afternoon to assure her countrymen that "grave losses have been inflicted on the enemy." Her voice was firm, but she spoke in more measured and deeper tones than usual. "We have no doubts as to our victory," she said. "But it is our belief that this renewal of Egyptian-Syrian aggression is an act of madness."

Defense Minister Dayan, who addressed the nation some hours later, was even more optimistic. "The Arabs will take no advantage from this war before the cease-fire goes into effect," he said. "The people of Tel Aviv will be able to sleep well tonight." He said that bridges would remain open to Jordan and traffic between the west and east banks of the Jordan would be permitted as usual. Any Arabs who wished to go to work in Israel, he declared, would be allowed to do so.



ARTILLERY AT BEGINNING OF THE WAR



SADAT TAKES LONG-RANGE VIEW WHILE VISITING SINAI FRONT

Dayan admitted that Israeli defense forces had been stretched thin along the canal, but maintained that the size of the Sinai Peninsula afforded the major cities of Israel sufficient security against Egyptian attack. Egyptian forces would be expelled from the Sinai, he insisted, as soon as Israeli reservists joined the battle. "It won't take months or weeks to wipe them out." As for the Syrians, said Dayan, their evident objective was to recapture the Golan Heights, which Israel seized during the Six-Day War, but, he added, "this they will not do."

In New York, where he was attending the U.N. General Assembly, Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban branded the Arab contention that Israel had started the war as "the most odious lie in the history of international relations." Noting that Yom Kippur is the most revered holiday in the Jewish calendar,

Eban said that the Arabs' decision to use that day for their invasion was cynical and blasphemous. "In Israel there is inevitably a relaxation of normal tensions during Yom Kippur," he said. "All the logistics of a complex society are on a low pulse. Even in the armed forces the general atmosphere has its effect—even the forward posts are manned at a lower establishment than usual. In short, it is a good moment to win some transient advantage at Israel's expense, a good moment for those whose hatred and malice have no restraints or human respect or spiritual decency."

While his indignation was understandable, Eban's rhetoric was overblown. The fact is that the Arab attack did not come as a surprise. Israeli intelligence reported having observed the Egyptians and Syrians reinforcing their border units.

A spokesman for Eban admitted as much when he told reporters: "The likelihood of such an attack became apparent some hours before, and information was given to the U.S. and other governments together with an assurance that Israel would not make any preventive move and would favor action by interested parties to warn Cairo and Damascus against carrying out what was clearly their intention."

U.S. intelligence sources supported reports that the Egyptians had nearly doubled the number of their troops along the canal to at least 120,000. On the Golan Heights Syrian troop movements in recent days had been observed within view of the Israeli border ten miles away. In fact, on the day of the Arab attack the Israelis had begun to call up their reserves at 10 a.m., at least four hours before the fighting began, and the Israeli Cabinet was already in session by the time word of the invasion reached Jerusalem.

Rapid Strike. When the fighting broke out, President Richard Nixon was at his home in Key Biscayne, Fla., where he was awakened at 6 a.m. Saturday by a telephone call from Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Nixon was kept informed of developments through the day by calls from Kissinger as the Secretary of State sought to get the two sides to stop shooting at each other. After trying vainly to work out a peace formula with the Israeli and Arab Foreign Ministers in New York, where he was conferring with diplomats attending the U.N. General Assembly, Kissinger flew to Washington. In a spasm of telephone calls, he talked to every permanent member of the Security Council. That evening he chaired a meeting of the Washington Special Action Group, a "crisis management" team made up of representatives of the State and Defense departments, the CIA and the National Security Council. But there was, in truth,





ISRAELI TANK MOVES ACROSS SANDS OF THE GAZA STRIP DURING THE SIX-DAY WAR OF 1967

very little that the U.S. could do to stop the bloodshed.

In Tel Aviv, Israeli leaders met in a heated Cabinet session to discuss reaction to the crisis. Defense Minister Dayan, Deputy Prime Minister Yigal Allon and Minister of Commerce Haim Bar-Lev won the support of Prime Minister Meir for a policy to hit back hard at the Arabs. Dayan argued that merely to repulse the Egyptian-Syrian invasion would be no victory, merely a stalemate. The Arabs had to be punished, he insisted, by Israeli counterpunches into their territory. The Cabinet approved. Few Western military observers had doubted that Israel had the force to do it. What left many of them in doubt

was what the Arabs had hoped to gain by fighting the tough Israelis, who three times before had beaten Arab forces.









One theory had it that Egypt and Syria had decided on a quick show of strength—a rapid strike across the canal followed by a rapid withdrawal—as a way of breaking the longstanding deadlock over negotiations on the territory captured in the 1967 Six-Day War and still held by Israel. Given Israel's well-known stubborn refusal to bow to force, such a plan seemed to be hardly credible.

More likely was a strategy that called for the Arabs to recapture some territory lost in 1967 and then quickly to accede to international demands for

a cease-fire. That would leave the territory in Arab possession—and Israel in the uncomfortable position of being condemned if it did not stop fighting. Though few Western observers believed that Israel would put down its arms before defeating the Arabs, strategists in Cairo and Damascus may have thought that the chance of Israel's succumbing to international pressure was worth the gamble and eventually might lead to a settlement favorable to them.

But the timing was, to say the least, peculiar. The Arabs of late were winning the propaganda war. Israel had been losing world sympathy in recent months because of its strident reactions to Arab terrorists and inflexible deter-

The Military Balance

	 POPULATION	 ARMY REGULARS	 ARMY RESERVES	 TANKS	 ARMORED VEHICLES	 COMBAT AIRCRAFT	 HELI- COPTERS	 WAR- SHIPS
EGYPT	35,700,000	260,000	500,000	1,955	2,000	620	190	94
SYRIA	6,700,000	120,000	200,000	1,300	1,000	326	50	25
LEBANON	3,000,000	14,000	—	120	25	18	14	0
JORDAN	2,500,000	68,000	20,000	420	400	52	9	0
IRAQ	10,100,000	90,000	250,000	1,065	1,300	224	69	30
TOTAL ARAB	58,000,000	552,000	970,000	4,860	4,725	1,240	332	149
ISRAEL	3,200,000	95,000	180,000	1,700	1,450	488	74	49

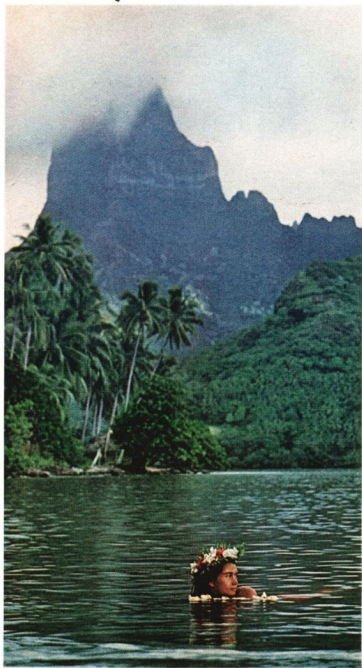
The military equipment of both Israel and its opponents is roughly equal in sophistication and destructive power, although the Arabs' equipment is newer since they have had to replace their massive losses of the Six-Day War. Israel compensates for its numerical inferiority by the superior discipline and training of its troops and expert maintenance of equipment. Israeli pilots in their U.S.-built F-4 Phantoms and Skyhawks and French Mirages have consistently outflown the Egyptian and Syrian air forces

in their Russian-made SU-7 fighter-bombers and MIG-21 interceptors.

Similarly, Israeli troops have used their American Patton and British Centurion tanks more effectively than the Arabs have their lighter Russian-made T-54/55s. Neither side has had much opportunity to test how effectively they use the surface-to-air missiles protecting their base areas and cities. But by sinking four of Syria's Soviet-built Komar missile boats off Latakia on Saturday, the Israeli navy has shown how skill-

fully it has mastered the made-in-Israel radar-guided Gabriel missiles. Most Western military analysts expect the Israeli forces to defeat the combined Arab forces. But if Israel should find itself facing extinction, it is widely assumed that it possesses nuclear weapons, which its leaders might risk the wrath of world opinion by employing. Israel is thought to have an arsenal of low-yield bombs in the kiloton range that can be delivered by specially adapted Israeli air force planes.

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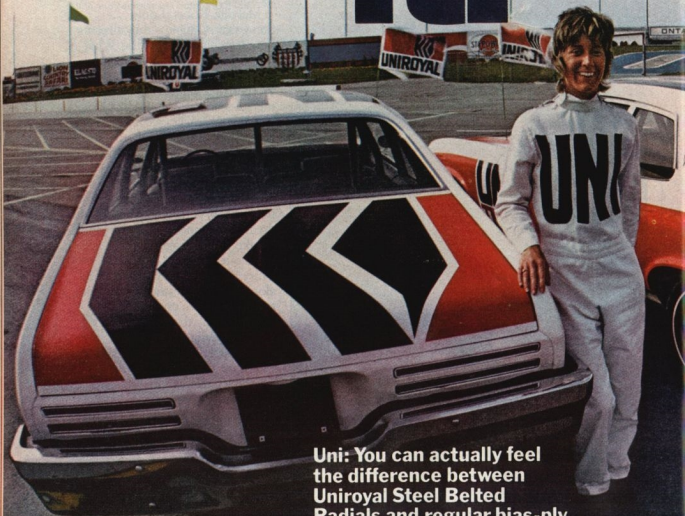
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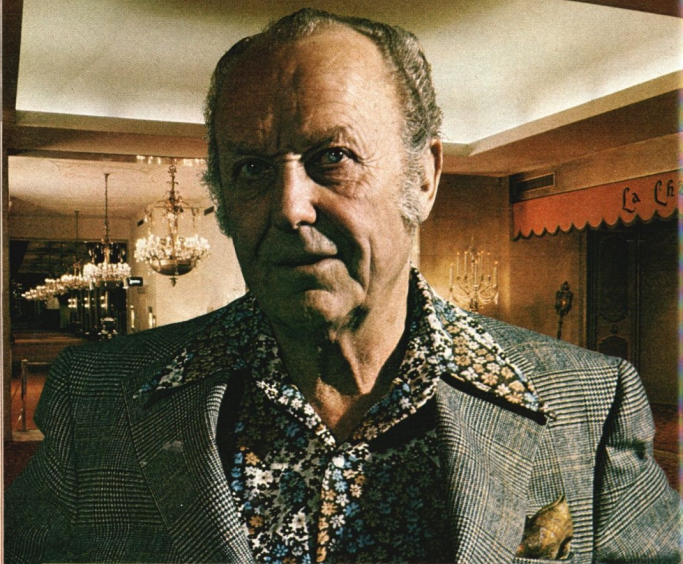
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mination to hold onto the occupied territories. Austria's decision last week to close down the Schönau camp for emigrating Soviet Jews (see following story) was just one example of Israel's declining favor among other nations. Zaïre broke off diplomatic relations with Tel Aviv last week in protest over Israel's continued occupation of Arab territory; it was the eighth African country to do so in five years. Israel's contacts with black Africa had represented a significant link with the Third World.

More and more people, especially

young leftists in all countries, were expressing concern for the plight of Arab refugees. Even the U.S. recently joined with the majority in the U.N. to condemn Israel's forcing down of a civilian Iraqi Airways Caravelle jetliner in search of Palestinian guerrillas. Additionally, the threat that oil-rich Arab nations might begin to withhold their fuel from nations too friendly with Israel was causing petroleum-needy Western countries to reconsider their relationship with Israel. With all those trends going for them, it was a mystery to observers

why the Arabs would risk their newfound popularity by a reckless military foray that could only swing much of world opinion back in favor of a besieged Israel. In fact, the common conclusion was that the Arabs could have done nothing to help the international position of Israel more.

Some Arab analysts believed that the invasion had been discussed at last month's summit meeting in Cairo between Egyptian President Anwar Sadat and Syrian President Hafez Assad. Indeed, that could have been the primary

Sadat: The Man Behind the War

Six months ago, in a televised statement of aims and aspirations that took nearly three hours to deliver, President Anwar Sadat informed 35 million fellow Egyptians that "the stage of total confrontation" with Israel was soon to begin. To prepare for it, Sadat, 55, reshuffled his government and named himself Premier and Military Governor General in addition to President and Commander in Chief of the armed forces. He visited front-line posts in uniform and was photographed peering through field glasses at Israeli fortifications. "We believe in our destiny," said Sadat. "We do not shrink from any sacrifice."

Far from being stirred by Sadat's ringing oratory most Egyptians were unmoved. After all, in the three years since Sadat assumed the presidency following the sudden death of Gamal Abdel Nasser, he had constantly called for war to avenge the crushing defeat that Egypt suffered in the Six-Day War. Sadat said that 1971 would be "the year of decision," but it ended indecisively. Last year the President again warned Egyptians to prepare themselves for "the inevitable battle." It did not come.

Among the sophisticated citizens of Cairo, this succession of calls to valor followed by a void led to a kind of black humor. One joke that circulated through the capital had Sadat ordering an attack and his commanders offering up an excuse for every day of the week. Saturday's excuse, ironically: it was scarcely proper to launch an attack against Israel on the Jewish sabbath.

Sadat himself did little to close this credibility gap. As a result, friends and enemies alike long ago decided that his calls for confrontation were insincere. For one thing, Egypt seemed to be pathetically ill-prepared for any battle, militarily or economically. The troops mobilized along the Suez Canal seemed to be in uniform as much to keep many of them out of civilian unemployment statistics as to harass Israel. Largely because of faulty distribution facilities, there were shortages of everything from cooking oil to the tomatoes that Egyptians love. Corruption was rampant, pro-

tests increased, and repression followed. When university students demonstrated in the spring to criticize their lack of job futures, they were hauled off to jail by tough riot police.

Sadat has been forced to shake a fist from time to time or seduce Egyptians

announced that the U.S.'s Bechtel Corp. had been chosen to construct a new \$345 million pipeline between the Gulf of Suez and the Mediterranean (see *ECONOMY & BUSINESS*) even though Cairo and Washington have not had any formal diplomatic relations since 1967.

Sadat backed up such actions with sizable steps toward Arab unity that had recently led to significant Arab diplo-



EGYPT'S PRESIDENT ADDRESSING STUDENTS IN ALEXANDRIA
Becoming the butt of black jokes.

with the heady vision of confrontation and victory because he lacks the personal magnetism with which his predecessor, Abdel Nasser, captured the Arab world. Sadat is basically an uncomplicated person who enjoys a sedate family life with wife Gehan and their children. He is a devout Moslem to the point that his forehead bears the mark caused by a lifetime of touching the head to floor to pray.

Recently, Sadat had seemed more interested in burnishing his diplomatic image than in destroying Israel. He managed to stall Libyan demands for merger with Egypt. He proposed the establishment of a Palestinian nation, which seemed to indicate that he was trying to separate Egypt's quarrel with Israel from Palestinian territorial demands that scarcely concerned Egypt. Only last week, in what seemed like the most conciliatory move of all, Cairo an-

matic gains round the world. He arranged the return to grace in Arab circles of Jordan's King Hussein, who had been a pariah since he threw the Palestinian guerrillas out of his country three years ago. Sadat also established a new, more impressive alliance between the "confrontation" countries—Egypt, Syria and Jordan—and the oil sheikdoms, who until the energy crisis had been pretty well removed from the quarrel with Israel except for bankrolling it. The results of Sadat's diplomatic maneuvers were obvious, insofar as improving Egypt's relationships abroad were concerned. All the grace and favor evaporated last week with the first boom of cannon fire. For Anwar Sadat, having finally taken the ultimate step to war, a fateful decision awaits. Nasser had prestige enough to lose the battle and still keep his power. Barring miracles, Sadat does not.



DAMAGE AT KIBBUTZ NEAR SYRIA

The punishment was a counterpunch.

purpose of the meeting, though at the time the more important achievement seemed to be the Arab leaders' reconciliation with Jordan's King Hussein. The following week, Hussein had courted further favor from his Arab brethren by suddenly pardoning and releasing from prison 970 Palestinian guerrillas and other political prisoners.

But Hussein showed no inclination to get involved in the latest fray, particularly after Dayan publicly warned him to avoid a "black October." Lebanon likewise remained studiously neutral. But 17 Arab leaders sent messages of support to Egypt's Sadat. Among them was a telegram from King Feisal of Saudi Arabia: "We stand beside you with all our potential and capabilities"—an apparent implication that he was prepared to use oil diplomacy, if possible, in the battle.

Better Clue. For once, neither superpower was directly involved. The Administration, in fact, had seemed to be uncertain about how much credence to give early intelligence reports that told of the buildup of Arab forces a week before the war. In his discussions with Arab Foreign Ministers before the war, Secretary of State Kissinger remarked, not one had indicated that the military buildup was a prelude to a resumption of fighting; instead, the discussions had centered on finding a means for new negotiations.

The Soviet Union may well have had a better clue to what was going on. A few days before the fighting began, the Soviets reportedly removed their advisers—an estimated 3,000 strong—from Syria. No public explanation was offered, but some observers believed that Moscow took the action after failing to convince the Damascus government of "the futility of embarking on military

adventures." Nonetheless, Moscow publicly supported the Arabs. A *Pravda* article said that the war was "carefully prepared and planned in Tel Aviv."

Considering the shortcomings of the Arab attack, it could have been. On both the Suez and Golan Heights fronts, the Arabs placed emphasis on artillery, armor and infantry troops. They made no attempt to knock out the Israeli air force, their single most deadly enemy. Nor did they bomb Israel's population centers—partly, no doubt, for fear that Israel would retaliate by bombing their cities. Once Egyptian troops were committed east of the canal, they had no way to retreat as long as Israeli jets prowled the waterway.

Despite the glaring weaknesses of their strategy, the Arabs committed a formidable army to battle. In the north, Syria had about six divisions with a total of perhaps 100,000 men and 1,300 to 1,400 tanks. In the south, the Egyptians' 120,000 men were backed up by 1,800 to 2,000 tanks and 600 to 700 aircraft.

During the early hours, the heavy fighting was at the canal, where the Egyptian forces established east-bank bridgeheads in the area leading to the Gidi Pass and in the vicinity of Port Fuad and Ismailiya; the Ismailiya crossing near the center of the canal was dug in and causing the Israelis the greatest concern. The Egyptians also tried to land at Ras Sudr, but lost ten of their troop-carrying helicopters to the Israelis in the attempt; the copters each carried 30 to 40 men. Copters also landed commando units in the northern Sinai in an attempt to cut Israeli roads and supply lines, but apparently made little headway; the Israeli army said it was "busy engaging them." In the air, the Egyptians said they shot down 27 Israeli

planes but lost 15 of their own. The Israeli claims were 30 Egyptian planes shot down and four Israeli planes lost.

At the Golan Heights, the Israelis managed to stop the Syrian forces with antitank guns and ditches. The area was the center of heavy dogfighting as Syrian planes penetrated Israeli airspace, strafing farm villages. Some of the dogfights could be watched clearly by residents of Kiryat Shemona in upper eastern Galilee. In one such clash, a formation of 21 Syrian MIGs was seen heading in the direction of Kiryat Shemona; then one plane fell to earth and shells littered the area.

Curious Battle. Off the Syrian coast, the first naval encounter ended in a clear-cut Israeli victory: missile boats armed with the highly touted Israeli-made Gabriel missile attacked and sank four Syrian missile ships of the Russian *Komar* class and one small motor torpedo boat.

In the Red Sea, the Israeli navy sank three Egyptian boats carrying troops preparing to make a beachhead, and a fourth Egyptian vessel was destroyed northeast of Port Said.

By Sunday morning, after nearly a day of intense fighting, Israeli forces had seized the initiative on both fronts. The Egyptians began to fall back, having failed to put enough tanks across the canal during the night. They also failed to dent Israel's air supremacy, and in the early hours of the second day of fighting, the Egyptian air force did not even take to the air to support ground troops. Israeli planes penetrated deep into Egypt, knocking out missile systems and other defenses. Defense Minister Dayan said that the mop-up might take several days, but he predicted that the curious battle of Yom Kippur was already decided.

ISRAELI TROOPS ON WAY TO BATTLE STATIONS ALONG SYRIAN BORDER



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DAVID RUSSELL

EMIGRANTS

Triumph for Terrorism

In the 18 years that have passed since the last Soviet occupation forces left Austrian soil, that tiny gateway nation of Middle Europe had gained friends by being evenhanded to East and West and openhearted to anyone in trouble. When Hungarians fled the Russian repression of 1956, they were sheltered in Austria. When the "Prague Spring" ended in 1968, exiled Czechs came to Austria. Lately the troubled journeyers have been Soviet Jews en route to Israel, who used Vienna as a way station.

Last week, with a single decision, Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky had smudged his country's reputation and thrown it into an international whirl of protest. Until international attention was diverted by large scale fighting between Israel and Arab forces from Egypt and Syria, Kreisky's crisis had provided daily headlines around the world, focusing interest on the difficult question of how the rights of Jews and others can be protected against the schemes of terrorists. Kreisky's dramatic gesture came after three Russian Jews, on a train nearing Vienna and the Jewish Agency's layover facilities at Schönauf Castle, had been taken prisoner and hustled to Vienna's airport by two armed Arab fedayeen (TIME, Oct. 8). Kreisky managed to get the captives freed unharmed, but the ransom was high: he announced that he was closing down Schönauf. His decision raised consternation. But international criticism could not change Kreisky's mind, nor could Israeli Premier Golda Meir, who rushed from a Council of Europe meeting in Strasbourg to Vienna to reason with him. Mrs. Meir spent two hours with Kreisky, but in the end the disappointed

leader of Israel departed the Austrian Chancellery by a back stairway.

Mass demonstrations were staged throughout Israel and many Western countries by protesting Jews. Arabs, however, were euphoric, and Egypt even sent a Cabinet minister to Vienna to congratulate Kreisky. For Europeans, it had almost come down to a choice between Arab and Jew, and either way, Europe was serving as an arena for the conflict. That hardly made it any choice at all, since most Europeans no doubt rightly felt that they were unjustly ensnarled in a blood feud. But Washington officially came down on the side of Israel. President Nixon consoled Kreisky for having to face "a painful decision," then added: "We simply cannot have governments—small or large—give in to international blackmail by terrorist groups."

Natural Target. Austrians, who despite initial dismay eventually rallied to the support of their socialist Chancellor, protested that his action was not a response to terrorism. Rather, they claimed, it was an administrative decision in which the government actually "suggested" to the kidnapers that it would alter its policy in exchange for the lives of the hostages. It was made because Austria, as one government official explained it, "was gradually becoming a battleground" in the continuing Israeli-Arab conflict. Jerusalem's Vienna-born Mayor Teddy Kollek protested in a telegram to Kreisky: "Anyone who applies different standards to Jews than those he applies to others stands accused of anti-Semitism, whatever his origin." But the Chancellor, a nonpracticing Jew, denied that his action was discrim-



TIMOTHY ARNDT

SOVIET JEWS ARRIVING IN VIENNA FROM RUSSIA (LEFT) & MOVING THROUGH SCHÖNAUF PROCESSING CENTER & ON TO ISRAEL



DAVID RUSSELL



HOW CAN A WHISKEY DARE TO CALL ITSELF UNDERWHELMING?

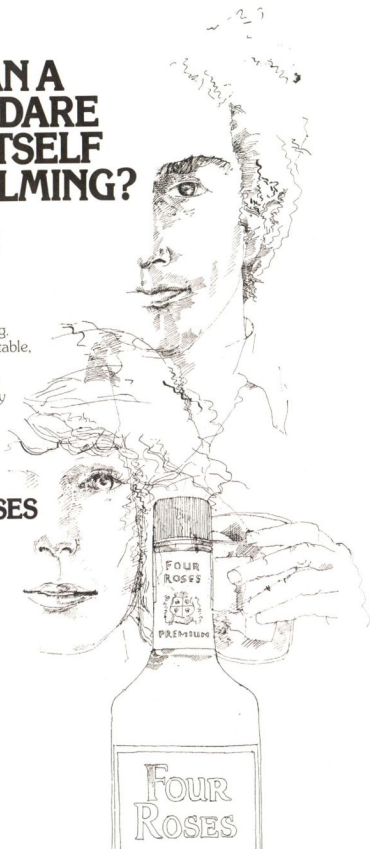
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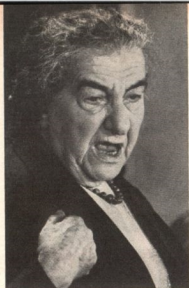


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ISRAELI PREMIER GOLDA MEIR
Leaving by the back stairs.

inatory. He pointed out the Schönau facility was allowed to exist as a special favor to Israel so that Soviet Jewish emigrants could be processed in an orderly—and secure—manner on Austrian soil. For the Austrians, the facility was a troublesome presence. It had to be guarded by a force of 150 Austrian police with dogs. Every train from the east or El Al jet from Israel had to be protected. Before long, the Austrians feared, an incident might occur similar to last year's Munich massacre. The solution was to close the center that was a natural mass target for Arab terror.

The Austrian oversight, however, was that neither Kreisky nor others who favored closing Schönau fully recognized the symbolism involved. Said an Aus-

trian diplomat: "We did not realize the emotional importance of Schönau for Israel and therefore for the Arabs."

Though Kreisky remained firm on his insistence that Schönau must close, it began to appear that his promise to the terrorists to ban "group travel" was all but meaningless. "We shall continue to allow the transit of Russian Jews as we have done before," he said, "but we shall keep the time allowed in Austria as short as possible. Under normal circumstances, the stay in Austria will be limited to one night." This represented a clear retreat from his initial position, which he had described as "genuine transit, without stopovers." His new position in effect will allow Russian Jews to travel freely through Austria, denying them only the sanctuary of Schönau. Ultimately, that may cause the Austrians even greater problems, since the emigrants without the protecting walls of Schönau will be more exposed than ever to reprisal attacks by terrorists.

Arab Blackmail. Israel was concerned not so much with the closing of the Schönau camp as with the fact that the terrorists had extracted the pledge at the point of a gun. If other governments followed suit, Israel would soon be vulnerable to Arab blackmail. The specter arose of governments around the world bowing to the most outrageous terrorist demands, such as refusing landing rights to Israeli jetliners or the cutting off of trade.

Arab satisfaction was at such a peak, in fact, that considerable publicity and credence was initially given to a statement supposedly issued by the group claiming responsibility for the Austrian operation. It warned the "friendly Soviet Union that its embassies and in-



AUSTRIA'S BRUNO KREISKY
Adamant after two hours.

terests in the Middle East and the world will be a target for the strikes of our guerrillas, unless it stops emigrant operations to Israel." Arab spokesmen later claimed the statement was a hoax.

Whatever its validity, the Soviets ignored the warning, just as they have remained all but totally silent on the entire Israel-Austria imbroglio. Moscow is extremely sensitive to the question of Jewish emigration, which—though it has totaled 70,000 Jews in the past two years—goes unpunished in the Soviet Union. The Soviets are under heavy pressure from the U.S. and other Western countries to allow Jews to leave, while they are under a counterpressure from Arabs to stop the emigration. Jews represent only 1% of the Soviet population of near-

The Chancellor Stumbles at the Hurdle

Though born a Jew in Vienna 62 years ago, throughout most of his life urbane Bruno Kreisky has sought to sunder all links to Judaism. At an early age he declared himself an agnostic. His wife is a Protestant, and he had his two children baptized as Protestants. He bristles when he is referred to as a Jew, preferring to be called "of Jewish origin."

Yet as a politician in race-and-religion-conscious Central Europe, Kreisky could hardly avoid being regarded as a Jew. During his successful campaign for Chancellor three years ago, the rightist People's Party printed anti-Kreisky posters urging the electorate to vote for a "genuine Austrian." Experts like University of Wisconsin Historian George L. Mosse, who contend that Austria remains "unreconstructedly anti-Semitic," wonder if Kreisky acceded to the terrorists' demands partly to prove how genuinely Austrian he is.

Whatever his motivation, Kreisky's action was the most controversial of a long political career that had previously

been marked by such studied caution that it won him the reputation of being Austria's most astute politician. Despite his background as the son of a wealthy industrialist, Kreisky joined the socialist movement at age 15. After the Nazis annexed Austria in 1938, he fled to Sweden. Thirteen years passed before he returned home. First as a diplomat and then as Foreign Minister (1959-66), Kreisky deftly helped steer Austria on the course of political neutrality.

Although his office is filled with ceremonial symbols of Austria's imperial past, Kreisky has been a most unregal Chancellor. He freely mingles with the public without a bodyguard, writes innumerable thank-you notes, and waits his turn in line for the ski lift when on vacation. He also hobnobs with Vienna's most brilliant intellectuals and artists. The ease with which he mixes with all strata of Austrians has made him his country's most popular postwar Chancellor, so much so that a Kreisky-souvenir industry has blossomed—com-

plete with Kreisky piggy banks, T shirts and clothes hangers. A bestseller is a wall poster depicting the Chancellor in a Superman costume leaping over all sorts of political hurdles.

His handling of the terrorists, however, is one hurdle he has not cleared. The unexpected criticism he has drawn from Austrian intellectuals and from abroad has made him unusually defensive. "No one can criticize my decision," he told TIME Correspondent Christopher Byron. "No one but I was in the situation and no one else had to live with the consequences. To permit the hostages to leave the country would have meant certain death, and I was willing to do everything to get them released."

He insists that "I would do it again if the identical situation arose." But his friends wonder. Under the week's pressures, Kreisky has lost his cool and become noticeably irritable. He is usually a deft performer at press conferences, but last week he blew up when a Dutch journalist asked him, "Are you a Jew?" The testy Chancellor flared back: "It's none of your business!"



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THE WORLD

ly 250 million, but they have earned a disproportionately high representation in scholarly, scientific and artistic fields. Soviet statistics show, for example, that 7% of all scientific workers are Jews. Yet Jews in many ways are second-class citizens in Russia. No works in Hebrew are permitted to be published, nor are any books in any language published there about Jewish history or culture. Zionism is considered a treasonable crime. When some Jews began to agitate for permission to emigrate to Israel—a phenomenon that arose after Israel's spectacular victory in the Six-Day War—Soviet authorities brought down a harsh campaign of suspicion and discrimination against all Soviet Jews, with the effect that more and more Jews demanded the right to emigrate.

Special Status. The result is that today Jews are widely distrusted in Russia, and yet they enjoy a special status: they now are the only group within the Soviet Union to be given the option of emigrating. In the past two years, more Soviet Jews have left Russia than have all other Soviet citizens in the past 40 years.

Arab nations complain to Moscow that the Soviet Jews contribute mightily to Israel's strength. In general, Moscow counters Arab arguments by saying that the numbers involved are relatively small, that the emigrants are of limited skills and that many more Jews have emigrated to Israel from Arab lands than from the U.S.S.R.

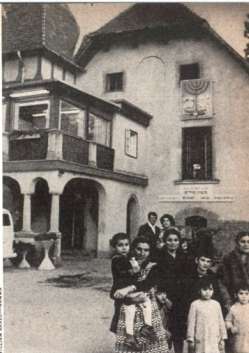
From their viewpoint, the Arabs have a good argument. In the 18 months since January 1972, the new Russian arrivals included 1,807 engineers, 879 physicians, 832 teachers, 324 musicians, 299 economists, and a scattering of mathematicians, physicists, chemists and biologists. This is largesse on an unprecedented scale: most Israelis agree that no other mass immigration group has contributed so much to the nation. Some

of the Russians have settled on territory Israel won in the Six-Day War, which has further angered Arabs. Perhaps the most important single asset of the Russian Jews is their youth: fully 50% are under 30.

Obviously, the Israelis have no intention of permitting Austria to stanch what Israel perceives to be its future life's blood. While officially Golda Meir's government demands that Schönau be kept open, a campaign to find other, more secure channels of emigration is quietly under way. Soviet emigrants might continue to use the Austrian route if the transit period can indeed be cut down. But Israeli authorities find great difficulty in planning for airline space, largely because they do not know how many emigrants will arrive on a given day. Says one Israeli official: "Moscow certainly does not cooperate with us. We never know who is coming for sure until we meet them at the station." To assure speedy transit, the Israelis may simply have to keep surplus jetliners available to provide quick passage from Vienna to Tel Aviv. It would be a costly but practical solution.

Israelis have long believed that the best plan is to fly the emigrants directly from the Soviet Union, but Moscow has rejected the idea on the ground that there are no diplomatic relations between the two countries. One solution considered by the Israelis: to let an American or European airline handle the task. It might also be possible to bring the emigrants out by sea, perhaps from Odessa or from a Rumanian port.

Privately, Austrian leaders now realize that Kreisky's decision, however rationalized in terms of Austria's own self-interest, was appallingly inept. Because of this belated recognition, the Chancellor has not taken any steps to interrupt the flow of Soviet Jews to Austria—at least not yet.



EMIGRANTS OUTSIDE SCHÖNAU CASTLE
The future life's blood of Israel.

of the 13 military men in his Cabinet and asked Markezinis to form a new civilian Cabinet to be sworn in this week.

While the move stirred hopes that Papadopoulos would eventually make good on his promise to restore parliamentary democracy, the President bluntly dispelled any illusions that he was relinquishing authority now. "Until the election of a Parliament," he declared in a statement that was boorishly insulting to his new Premier, "the President is, under the constitution, the only source of power. The Premier-designate is accountable and responsible only to the President who makes the final decisions."

That, of course, will come as no surprise to Greeks. Since pushing through a new constitution last summer, giving himself an eight-year term as President, Papadopoulos has skillfully maneuvered to consolidate his dictatorial powers and ease out his military collaborators. At the same time he has boldly moved to disarm critics who complained about the lack of democracy. Two months ago, he ended martial law, declared an amnesty for political prisoners and announced that parliamentary elections would be held in 1974. Even the lilting, long-banned music of Greece's much-loved composer, Mikis Theodorakis (currently on a U.S. concert tour), is being brought out of police-state storage.

The move toward liberalization is designed to woo back much needed foreign investment capital and assuage European hostility to Greece's bid for full membership in the Common Market. With inflation running at 30%, Papadopoulos cannot hope to keep the lid on serious discontent unless there is a turnabout in the economy some time soon. Markezinis could help bring that



"We open a door—we close a door!"

GREECE

The Smiling Juggler

When Spyros Markezinis was almost finished writing his bestselling history of modern Greece, he decided to end it in the mid-1960s and leave the last chapter unwritten. After all, he was prone to observe, "this revolution will be judged by the way it ends." Even though a politician, Markezinis was in no position to predict what course would be taken by the military regime of Dictator George Papadopoulos, which overthrew Greece's constitutional government in 1967.

Now it appears that Markezinis will play a leading role in that unfinished chapter. The Athens-born lawyer and founder of the Progressive Party, a small right-wing splinter group, was named last week by Papadopoulos to be Greece's first civilian Premier since the junta seized power. At the same time, Papadopoulos requested the resignation



SPYROS MARKEZINIS AFTER APPOINTMENT AS PREMIER IN ATHENS



GREEK PRESIDENT PAPADOPOULOS
Dispelling illusions.

change about. He is a palatable politician who was judicious enough not to attack the junta. He is also a brilliant lawyer, credited with having engineered Greece's postwar economic recovery in the 1950s when he served as Minister of Coordination in the government of Field Marshal Papagos.

Still, for all his attractiveness as a caretaker Premier, Markezinis will have no easy task establishing a credible government. He will have to reassure both the resentful military men he is displacing and allay the bitter suspicions of other politicians. Some of them have already denounced his appointment as window dressing. Declares John Zigidis, vocal leader of the Center Union Party, who was jailed for 18 months by Papadopoulos: "Politics in Greece have for the moment lost their grimness represented by police tortures, and have taken on an atmosphere of vaudeville, with the arrival of the smiling juggler Markezinis." That kind of suspicion has already caused Markezinis difficulties in recruiting members for his Cabinet. Indeed, it has become something of a vogue among

former parliamentarians to note casually that they have turned down a Cabinet offer from Markezinis.

In an interview with *TIME* Correspondent William Marmon last week in his book-lined study in downtown Athens, Markezinis, an ebullient, fast-talking man of 64, acknowledged that Papadopoulos has the final say. But he talked as though he planned to run the government his way. "I don't fully understand [the other politicians'] reaction," he said. "The worst political act is abstention. We must be realistic and reality is not always what we want it to be. It is as it is." His own decision to accept the job, he said, had been governed by "the three Fs": forget, forgive and free elections.

"The top priority will be free elections. I will do my best to bring them as fast as possible. Greece needs to be governed by the will of its people. We haven't had parliamentary elections since 1964 and so much has changed in Greece. I am curious to know how the voting patterns will be changed. It is a large error to expect that young voters will vote as their fathers did." Markezinis added that prior to elections next year he will form a new government party, bringing together a broad spectrum of forces whose aim will be to hold the majority in the Parliament.

In the meantime, Greeks are likely to be barraged by a spate of new cartoons of their Premier, whose short stature and broad forehead have long made him a favorite target of poison pens. "I am very grateful to the cartoonists for giving me all the free publicity over the years," he jokes. His collection of caricatures of himself numbers over 1,000. Such humor is a refreshing change from the sullen paranoia of the colonels. Markezinis plans another welcome change: frequent press conferences, which he says he will hold twice a month. "When there is no Parliament to talk to," he quipped to Marmon last week, "the next best thing is to talk to newsmen."

CHILE

Strangelovian Scenario

In the month since overthrowing Salvador Allende Gossens' Marxist government, the military junta has forcefully extended its tentacles of repression into every part of Chilean society. The left has been brutally sundered, many of its leaders tracked down and imprisoned or executed. All political parties have been suspended, and the country's eight universities, most of them traditional incubators of leftist sentiment, placed under the direct supervision of the military. By last week the junta's control was apparently complete, and all vestiges of organized opposition were smothered—at least temporarily.

Yet the killing continued. José ("Comandante Pepe") Gregorio Liendo Vera, a popular revolutionary who organized peasants in the south of Chile to seize farms, was executed by a military firing squad. Communist Party Leader Luis Corvalán Lepe is on trial on a charge of high treason, which carries the death penalty. All told, 476 people have died—some say as many as 5,000—including one American.

"Plan Zeta." The body of Frank Teruggi Jr., 24, an economics student from Des Plaines, Ill., was found in a Santiago morgue last week. Though the military denied any complicity in his death, Teruggi's roommate, David Hathaway, 24, a sociology student, claims that *carabineros* broke into their Santiago apartment on Sept. 20. The police, who probably suspected the students of being foreign "extremists," ransacked the apartment and hauled them off to Santiago's National Stadium, where 5,000 political prisoners are still being held. The last time Hathaway saw his friend alive was when Teruggi was being led from their cell at the stadium by guards. A coroner's report said that Teruggi died of a bullet wound.

Chile's strongmen attempted to counter the increasingly strident world criticism by releasing details of a Strangelovian plot that they say justifies their harsh treatment of leftists. The plot, which will be revealed in the U.N. this week by the Chilean Foreign Minister, is called "Plan Zeta." It reportedly called for the execution of 17,000 right-wing and moderate Chileans, including high-ranking military officers, former President Eduardo Frei, anti-Allende union bosses, justices of the supreme court, lawyers and businessmen. A government official who spoke to *TIME*'s Benjamin Cate in Santiago last week said that not all of the arms that were to have been used by the leftists for the executions have been found. That apparently is the reason why the search for weapons and "extremists" continues.

To further dampen protest, the junta agreed to allow some 10,000 foreigners to take refuge in havens operated by churches and voluntary organizations. However, those who have "com-

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JUNTA LEADERS GUSTAVO LEIGH



AUGUSTO PINOCHET



CÉSAR MENDOZA

mitted some offense" will not be protected and will be subject to arrest even inside the sanctuaries.

The junta has also moved vigorously in the economic sector, which Allende left a shambles. Draconian measures such as the summary execution of black marketeers, an across-the-board freeze on wages and the drastic devaluation of the escudo have stabilized prices. Under Allende, inflation had risen more than 300%. The lucrative copper mines, which were plagued with labor strife, are functioning smoothly again. The junta has also announced its interest in negotiating with foreigners to lure badly needed investments to the country. Striking truckers are back at work, and food and other staples are beginning to flow into the major cities. Despite the specter of night arrests and secret executions, daytime life in Chile is gradually returning to its familiar rhythms.

The men behind this startlingly swift transformation were at first total strangers to most Chileans. Their faces are now as well known as Chile's soccer players, and something of their personalities has begun to emerge from the sleek, 23-story office building in downtown Santiago that serves as junta headquarters. The four leaders:

► **Army General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte**, 57, before the coup was known outside military circles, if at all, as a competent geographer (he has written three books on the subject). But he obviously had more in mind than maps and charts. He took a leading role in the extensive plotting that resulted in Allende's overthrow on Sept. 11. As commander of the most powerful of Chile's armed forces, Pinochet was the logical choice to head the junta. He immediately vowed to "exterminate Marxism," a promise that is being carried out with chilling efficiency.

► **Air Force General Gustavo Leigh Guzmán**, 53, is the junta's ideologue and, after Pinochet, its most imposing member. He has demanded a permanent role for the armed forces in Chilean life despite the fact that the armed forces had remained aloof from politics for 41 years. He seems to envision Chile evolving into a quasifascist corporate state.

► **Admiral José Toribio Merino Castro**, 58, comes from a family with a long naval tradition (an uncle was chief of



JOSÉ MERINO

the Chilean navy in the 1950s). Merino's passions include philately and anti-Marxism. His violent opposition to the left is sometimes expressed with a certain wit. Says he: "To call Karl Marx a philosopher is to overvalue him. He tried to be an economist."

► **General César Mendoza Durán**, 54, is head of the paramilitary *carabineros*. A top horseman who competed in the 1952 Helsinki Olympics, Mendoza has been noticeably milder in his condemnation of leftists than his fellow junta members. Explains a foreign diplomat: "Mendoza knows that when the army gets tired of guarding itself and goes back to its barracks, his people will have to keep order."

Perhaps. But the military is showing no sign of returning to the barracks any time soon. Nor does the junta display any intention to return the country to democratic rule.

SLAIN STUDENT TERUGGI



COMMUNISM

Sino-Soviet Stalemate

The Soviet official washed down a slice of spiced duck with a slug of *maotai* at the 24th yearly National Day celebration in the Chinese embassy in Moscow last week and proclaimed: "I am still optimistic." He was referring to the prospects of a break in the marathon dispute between the two Communist giants, but his hope must have been fed by the convivial atmosphere. In fact, signs of a Sino-Soviet thaw are about as scarce as palm trees in Peking or Moscow.

In its Oct. 1 editorial, *Pravda* heaped abuse on the Peking leadership, charging Mao Tse-tung with waging a "frantic struggle against the socialist countries." At a speech in Tashkent two weeks ago, Soviet Party Leader Leonid Brezhnev complained that China had ignored several Soviet offers of a non-aggression pact, the latest made last June. Said Brezhnev: "It is characteristic that the leaders of the People's Republic of China, who scream throughout the world about some Soviet threat supposedly hanging over them, didn't even bother to reply to this concrete proposal of the Soviet Union."

Hoax and Fraud. The Chinese, in turn, celebrated their birthday with a few good licks at the Russians. The *People's Daily* warned the Chinese to be on guard against surprise attacks by social imperialism, a pet designation for Russian policy. As for Brezhnev's peace offer, the Chinese dismissed it as "a hoax and a fraud." They told visiting British Journalist Neville Maxwell that they and not the Russians had taken the first steps toward trying to resolve the tense confrontation that exists along their long border with the Soviet Union.

Polemics aside, the Chinese these days are on the diplomatic defensive. Fearful of being left to face Soviet military might alone, they have been strenuously attempting to head off détente between the Soviet Union and the West. In fact, their fears of the Soviets have put them in the peculiar position of practically giving their endorsement to Western military strength. Thus when French President Pompidou was in Chi-

*On Oct. 1, 1949, Mao Tse-tung proclaimed the founding of the People's Republic of China.

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THE WORLD

na recently, the Chinese bombarded him with warnings against becoming complacent about Soviet armed might, implicitly supporting France's atomic force. Equally close attention has been paid to rallying support in the developing world. At the conference of non-aligned nations in Algiers, the Chinese went to great lengths to portray the Soviet Union as a "dangerous friend." While the diplomatic battle rages on, the most immediate danger still lies along their common 4,000-mile border. The military face-off on the desolate frontier pits the two largest land armies in the world against each other, the more potent of them clearly the offensively geared Soviet force. Though a Soviet strike against China presently is unlikely, the possibility remains a chief source of anxiety for Peking's leaders.

Despite the potential explosiveness of the situation, four years of negotiations over disputed border territories have produced no results. Meanwhile, the Russians seem to be pinning their hopes on what Soviet commentators refer to as "healthy forces" in China, meaning a moderate pro-Soviet clique that could take power after Mao has gone. That is at best a long-range hope. For Mao, however, there are more immediate advantages to be gained from the conflict. He has often used the threat of a foreign enemy to rally support for his own policies while isolating his domestic opposition. Though no Confucianist, he obviously appreciates the sage's saying: "Without the menace of foreign aggression, a country is doomed."



SIGNS OF INTERRACIAL AMITY AT A SOUTH AFRICAN JAZZ FESTIVAL

SOUTH AFRICA

Softening Apartheid

For more than a generation, the cornerstone of South Africa's internal policy has been *apartheid*, or "separate development" for the country's 16 million blacks, 4,000,000 whites, 2,000,000 "coloreds" (mixed bloods) and 750,000 Asians. To protest such racist policies, the United Nations General Assembly last week refused, by a vote of 72 to 37, to accept South Africa's credentials. It was a symbolic gesture, signifying the assembly's disapproval but carrying no force to keep the nation from taking its place in the U.N. TIME Correspondent

Lee Griggs recently traveled extensively throughout South Africa for the first time in eleven years to assess the plight of blacks. He discovered that in countless ways the granite-hard face of *apartheid* is cracking.

In perhaps the most significant modification of *apartheid* since it became national policy in 1948, Prime Minister John Vorster last week virtually abandoned the Job Reservation Act, under which the best jobs in the country have long been reserved for whites. Though the law will remain on the books, Vorster declared that, if employers and trade unions approve, the government will allow more and more blacks to move into skilled jobs. The goal, he said, is to

The Prisoners at Last Start for Home

The tiny outpost of Wagah on the border between India and Pakistan had never looked so festive. Beneath red, blue and yellow tents, a makeshift reception center had been set up, and Persian carpets were spread over the ground before the two white metal gates at the border. Then, while a pipe band skirted *The Hundred Pipers* and onlookers showered them with rose petals, the first of 90,000 Pakistani prisoners, held in In-

dia since the 1971 war, stepped across the border to freedom.

India released civilian internees first, as well as the aged and sick. Among them were many women and children, including 300 babies born in captivity. The youngest was a two-day-old infant born during the 600-mile train ride from the P.O.W. camp at Allahabad in eastern India. "Where is Pakistan?" asked a small boy as his mother waited for per-

mission to cross. "Pakistan is there," she pointed. "Pray to Allah. We will see all our people soon."

Then came the soldiers carrying the tattered souvenirs of prison life—a thermometer, a small bag slung over the shoulder—or often nothing at all. As fellow officers welcomed them home, there were smiles and tears and an occasional vow that Pakistan would yet have its revenge on India. Asked about camp conditions, an army doctor replied brusquely: "Sometimes good, sometimes nasty." After a few days of briefing in Lahore, the soldiers will be given two months' leave, two months' pay and free transportation home.

Meanwhile, an even larger exchange of hostages is being carried out between Pakistan and the new nation of Bangladesh. Under the peace agreement signed in August, an estimated 200,000 Bengalis stranded in Pakistan and at least 80,000 non-Bengalis in Bangladesh are to be repatriated simultaneously with the 90,000 Pakistani P.O.W.s. They travel in daily chartered jet flights arranged by the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees. Authorities hope that the three-way exchange will finish in four months.

PAKISTANI P.O.W.s & CIVILIANS CROSSING BORDER AT WAGAH



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You probably know us best for our safety testing in the electrical area. But, did you know that we also test fire protection equipment and systems, building materials, burglary systems, heating, air conditioning, refrigeration

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What does all this mean to you? It means if the product bears the UL symbol, it meets recognized safety standards. But you must do your part, too. Use the product only for its intended usage. Read and follow the operating instructions. Heed the safety warnings.

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Here's how a product earns the UL symbol.



Submittal. A manufacturer turns his product over to UL for evaluation. He wants UL to verify by examination and test that the design meets recognized safety requirements.



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The way back.

Surely years ago when life was simpler, man looked around him with a sharp sense of wonder at the beauty and variety of the world.

We see that same feeling born again in every child who studies a butterfly resting on a petal, or catches his breath at the brilliance of a raindrop.

What happens to that sense of wonder?

Perhaps we grow up

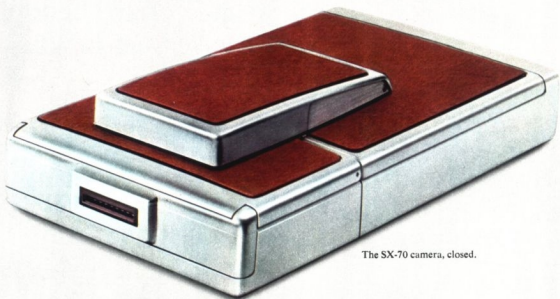
too fast, become too pre-occupied, too tired, or too sophisticated to hold on to it.

If this is true, we at Polaroid believe we have found a way back.

On the following pages, you will learn about a photographic system so radically new, so remarkably simple, it can lead you to find beauty in things you scarcely noticed before.

Polaroid inve

It can reveal
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The SX-70 camera, closed.

Forget everything you've ever known about photography, instant or otherwise.

The SX-70 Land camera is here.

Slim, graceful, balancing lightly in your hand, this package of more than 200 transis-

tors, elegantly wrapped in top-grain leather, scarcely hints at the wonders it can perform.

One motion and it's open, ready at a finger's touch to propel into your hands picture after picture of a world you will feel you

nts The SX-70.



The SX-70 camera, open.

have only half-seen, half-felt until now.

As you read on, remember this: Remarkable as the SX-70 is, what is important is not what *it* can do, but what it enables *you* to do.

Because now you can almost wish the picture and have it, because the photographs are of such piercing beauty they seem more real than life, the SX-70 can sharpen your senses and set your imagination free.





In seconds, you see the faint outlines of your picture.

Less than two seconds after you touch the SX-70's red electric button, whoosh! The picture is ejected from the front of the camera, and begins to develop before your eyes, even in broad daylight. There is nothing to peel, nothing to throw away.

The photograph is hard, dry, and exceptionally durable. It will time its own development. As if from nothingness, the picture begins to emerge.



Even after you have a beautiful picture, it keeps getting better!

As the image blooms before your eyes,
you realize this will be a photograph such
as you have never seen, so startlingly real,
you almost expect to hear your little girl
speak to you.



Here is your picture, minutes later, fully developed.

It can reveal the world to you as you have never seen it before.

While the SX-70 moves more and more intimately into your life, you will soon learn to sense a picture, and own it. And you can own more and more little pieces of the world, as quickly as you can push the red electric button.

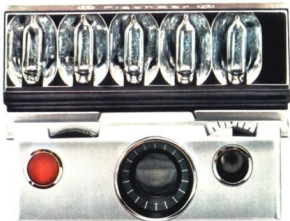
How The SX-70 makes



A remarkable computer-calculated complex of fixed and pivoting mirrors literally floats the image of the scene in midair to let your eye see what the camera lens sees.



A totally new brushed-chrome metal-plastic body material, a luxurious wrap of top-grain leather, and a form that reflects its remarkable capabilities, create an elegant, lightweight camera of striking design. Each slender 10-exposure film pack contains a wafer-thin battery, so you provide fresh power to operate the camera every time you load fresh film.



This rapid-fire, 10-shot GE FlashBar™ array lets you take flash shots from 10 inches to 20 feet or more away. And you can reshoot every 1.5 seconds to get a full action sequence. The SX-70 electronically picks the next flash to be fired. The aperture is set automatically as you focus, to let in the correct amount of light. Outdoors, an electric eye reads the light and programs the shutter for correct exposure.



The film appears magically, outside the camera 1.5 seconds after you press the button. The picture, with an image area of $3\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches, is hard, dry, shiny and flat. There is nothing to peel apart, nothing to throw away. It times its own development. Automatically. You have nothing to do but watch and enjoy it.

the impossible possible.



Here are the makings for 30 flash pictures. Slip these in one pocket, the 24-ounce camera that's only 1" x 4" x 7" in another, and you're ready for a wedding, a family reunion, a big party.



In minutes the picture develops fully before your eyes, *even in the brightest daylight*. An opaque chemical, spread inside the film, blocks the light during development. As this light barrier becomes transparent you see the image that has been formed. The pictures are exceptionally durable. You can handle them, stack them, put them in your pocket.



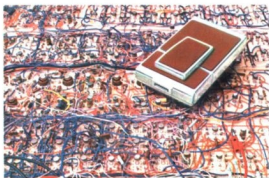
A tiny counter is located on the back of the camera. Insert a film pack and the counter reads "10". After each shot, that number decreases, to tell you how many pictures you have left.



You can get close enough to count eyelashes with this computer-calculated 4-element lens system. No camera in the history of photography ever had one like it. As you focus, only the front element moves (never more than 1/4 inch) yet you can focus on objects from 10.2 inches to miles away.



Once you press the electric shutter button, the rest is out of your hands. Literally. In 1.5 seconds, this remarkable 12,000 r.p.m. motor has propelled the picture out of the camera. You just keep composing pictures and pressing the button.



The SX-70 probably includes more new technology than any other consumer product in the world today. The camera is shown (above) on a single section of the original electronic layout. Ultraminiaturization has compressed hundreds of electronic components into 3 small brain centers (one is shown below).





How can a picture of something be more beautiful than the object itself?

There are sound technical reasons.

The SX-70 can search out beauty your eye alone can only guess at, because the camera can actually record far more detail than you can see without a magnifying glass.

Because the pictures are framed against a highly reflective chemical background, they have a remarkable luminous quality, as if lit from behind. The photographs seem almost three-dimensional.

The dyes themselves are totally new: a whole new spectrum of vibrant,

Pictures shown are actual size.



highly stable dyes that make possible prints of a brilliance and intensity that create a new standard for amateur photography. Notice the extraordinary reds in the rose and strawberries.

Incidentally, the picture of the rose was taken with an optional SX-70 close-up lens attachment which enables you to

photograph small objects, actual size when you're only five inches away from your subject.

But to talk only of technical wonders is to miss what it's all about: the discovery of the world around you, in new ways that can stimulate and delight you.

The SX-70: why and when.

Perhaps once or twice in a lifetime, there comes an invention so radically new, it actually changes the way we live our lives.

Television was one.

We at Polaroid believe the SX-70 is another.

The virtual cascade of revolutions, mechanical, chemical, optical and electronic, that made the SX-70 possible had only one purpose: to free you from everything cumbersome and tedious about picture-taking, so that it could become at last, the simple creative act it should be.

Now that all you need to do is frame your picture, bring it into perfect focus and push a button, now that

the picture is automatically delivered into your hand in less than two seconds, to time itself and develop into a photograph of a depth and brilliance unparalleled in amateur photography, what might once have seemed like a family duty or even just an interesting hobby, can become a spontaneous and constant pleasure in your daily life.

The SX-70, with a suggested list price of \$180, is available now in limited quantity at your Polaroid Land camera dealer. We are increasing the supply as quickly as possible. Meanwhile, visit your dealer now to see a demonstration and to place an order for your own SX-70.



The SX-70 camera with optional leather carrying case.

find ways to improve "the productive use of non-white labor."

The reasons for the change are hardly altruistic. South Africa's booming economy is faced with a white-labor shortage, and the obvious solution is to train blacks to fill the gap. Blacks now drive trucks, and supervise shunting in rail yards; soon they will take over 14,000 mining jobs formerly reserved for whites. The change is also a result of continuing social pressures—the migration, for example, of Afrikaner farmers who are moving to the cities and becoming partly liberalized in the process.

Whatever the reasons, the effects are visible everywhere. In the capital city Pretoria, public parks were integrated a few weeks ago. On a recent evening in Pretoria's new luxury hotel, the Burgerspark, the dining room was filled with almost as many black guests as white. Elevators may still carry "Slegs vir blankes" (reserved for whites) signs, but the rule is ignored. Whites stand beside blacks in many of the same queues. Air travel is integrated. Some parishes of the Dutch Reformed Church now permit multiracial attendance at weddings, funerals and other services.

The Immorality Act, which bans interracial sex, is still in force, but prosecutions are rare. Even the courts seem to be mellowing. A black man recently sued and collected damages from a white who had called him a *kaffir* (the South African equivalent of nigger). Ever since blacks and whites competed against each other in body-contact sports at the South African Games last January, integration in athletic events has been increasing. This month blacks played against whites for the first time in an international cricket tournament.

Aid Centers. One of the most hated aspects of *apartheid* has been the "pass laws," which require blacks to carry permits whenever they travel outside the semiautonomous black regions called Bantustans. The pass laws are still in effect, and more than 600,000 blacks were arrested last year for violating them. But nowadays an offender is less likely to be automatically jailed for a pass-law transgression or other minor infraction—partly because of the work of a string of government "aid centers" that have been established to help blacks cope with the law. Moreover, the area within which a single pass is valid has been increased—from about 50 miles to as much as 180 miles.

None of these changes exactly qualifies John Vorster for a human-brotherhood award. South Africa's blacks, after all, still have no vote, no right to own property and no real freedom of movement outside the black regions. And, given the depth and prejudice of white South Africa's attitudes, it remains to be seen whether a profound social change has really begun. But the short-term trend is clearly toward modest liberalization, particularly in business and industry, and for this the Vorster government deserves a measure of credit.

CANADA

The Perils of Pierre

Pierre Elliott Trudeau will arrive in China on October 10 for a week-long state visit, with the usual wining, dining and sightseeing. That is a considerably friendlier prospect than the Prime Minister has been facing back home in Canada.

Trudeau is beset by serious political and economic woes. Despite all his efforts, Canada is reeling from growing inflation and rising unemployment. Quebec separatists regard the Official Languages Act—which makes French along with English the official language of government—as tokenism. The western provinces growl that the government is ignoring their problems.

Clearly the "Trudeumania" that

ate. He tended to lecture rather than orate. While staffers groaned, he announced last fall that he would not campaign in his first re-election bid. Instead, he would hold "conversations with Canadians" on important issues.

Canadians did not like Trudeau's professorial tone, much less the country's economic disarray. The election left his party with only 109 seats, down from 155, leaving Trudeau with a minority government dependent for survival upon the support of the mildly socialist New Democratic Party. Recalls an aide of the postelection weeks: "Pierre brooded, exploded, and shrugged."

He also began to change his image. He shed ascot and sandals for somber pinstripe suits. He has replaced some of his intellectual advisers by party functionaries who better understand grassroots politics. Trudeau became, in short,



TRUDEAU ENTERS PARLIAMENT AS WORKERS PROTEST HIGH FOOD PRICES

After "Conversations with Canadians," the prospect of a long cold winter.

swept Canada with Trudeau's election in 1968 has withered. When they put him in office, Canadians thought that they were getting a lively Kennedy-like leader, and for a while he did not disappoint them. He appeared in the House of Commons in ascot and sandals, frugged, dated Barbra Streisand, and in general looked and behaved more like a playboy than in the usual stodgy manner of Canadian Prime Ministers. He also fashioned solid accomplishments such as his firm handling of the separatist crisis in 1970, pushing a tax reform through the Commons and opening relations with China.

But another side of Trudeau also began to emerge. He grew imperious in his dealings with the Commons, openly sneered at members who disagreed with him (favorite asides: "dope," "blockhead," "fool"). He seemed at times to become equally disdainful of the elector-

ate, a pragmatic politician whose style changed to accommodate.

He has sobered even more since then, due in part to a nearly calamitous summer. A crippling nationwide railway strike, coupled with a 1.3% jump in inflation, further damaged his party's image. Trudeau survived a Conservative motion of no-confidence only because of his coalition with the New Democrats, whose backing helped him to a 129-to-102 victory.

Trudeau, 53, must now face a long Canadian winter. There is little likelihood that Conservative Opposition Leader Robert Stanfield, who lost so narrowly last time, will give him a breather. The trip to China will not solve Trudeau's troubles at home. Inflation (especially in food prices)—along with unemployment and fractious Quebec—provides Stanfield with missiles to try to pierce Trudeau's new image.



THE DALAI LAMA DOES AS THE POPE DOES



CARDINAL MINDSZENTY VISITS NEW JERSEY

PEOPLE



PRINCESS ANNE GETS FRANKED



NOVELIST BAKER COOKS UP A SENATE PLOT



MARILYN PONDER'S NEW ASSIGNMENT

Arriving in Rome, the exiled leader of Tibet's Buddhists did just what the Romans do. Dressed in his official violet robe, the **Dalai Lama** went to see the Pope. His offerings: a portrait and his own biography of Buddha. In return **Paul VI** gave the Dalai Lama a pontifical medal and a book about his own trip to the Far East. The two parted beaming from a summit conference described by one Vatican watcher as "an encounter of the two Gospels," Christ's Sermon on the Mount and Buddha's Sermon on the Benares.

Marilyn Chambers, 21, the Mom on the Ivory Snow box and the star of hard-core skin flicks like *Behind the Green Door*, gained academic credentials this week. Manhattan's innovative New School for Social Research invited her to speak at the first session of its new course: "Pornography Uncovered, Eroticism Exposed." Some 550 students

turned up to see Marilyn come clean. Instead they got a tepid interview session. (Q "How do you do 30 or 40 takes of a scene in a skin flick?" A. "You don't.") Four officers from the morals squad were on hand, but off duty. "I was here to learn," said one studiously.

Telegraphic Tennessee Senator **Howard H. Baker** has been making time with the public as he puts in a continuous appearance on the Senate Watergate committee. Now it turns out that he has also been making notes—for a novel. Although it is not intended to be autobiographical, it will trace the rise of a country lawyer to the Senate. Praising Author Baker's savor of his fellow Tennesseans, his publisher, Doubleday & Co., is encouraging him to include a relationship that links the freshman politico with a venerable Senator who sounds remarkably like Baker's own colleague, Senator Sam Ervin.



JOHN KEEPS TIME FOR JACQUELINE

Limo-Liberal Mayor John Lindsay of New York is enjoying the perks of his job while he still has them. One perquisite is his appearance at the city's annual film festival at Lincoln Center, where he gets to squire those sexy foreign film stars. But why doesn't he get someone to write some new jokes? Ogling Actress Jacqueline Bisset, His Honor trotted out the same saw he used for Catherine Deneuve three years ago: "They don't make pretty girls like that any more. And neither do I."

Reliably reported: a lovers' tiff. The British press's ardor for prickly Princess Anne is waning as her Nov. 14 marriage to Captain Mark Phillips approaches. Annoyed by the command that servicemen pass the hat for the young couple, newsmen were further rankled by Horsewoman Anne's gibe after she took a fall at the European equestrian championships in Kiev: "Sorry to disappoint but I'm not badly hurt." Not even the special wedding stamp is getting its licks. Cynics note that before the princess would put her best face on it, critical retouching was required.

She came on slightly nervous, her voice tremulous. Then she crossed her trousered legs and let go with a sardonic laugh. Indomitable Katharine Hepburn, 63, was taking over the Dick Cavett show for a couple of nights. She had never been on a talk show, but Cavett had snagged her. Tossing a tidbit every so often to her young host ("I never had a man make a pass at me unless he was drunk"), Kate talked of life and death, giving her own prescription for health and energy: no smoking, drinking, or taking drugs. ("Cold sober, I find myself absolutely fascinating.") Then she sketched in a few of her fellow actors.

Humphrey Bogart, she found, was "very wellborn. Frightfully good manners. He was proud of being an actor." She added, "This is not true of all actors." Particularly, it seems, of Old Flame Spencer Tracy: "I think Tracy found life extremely difficult, as most of the Irish do." A seductress for the power of positive thinking, Hepburn acknowledged: "I had every possible advantage and if my life had gone to hell I would have been a blithering idiot." Even contemplating death, she didn't falter. Delivering those Main Line vowels in a Yankee twang, Hepburn stated her credo: "I don't think you can go anywhere. Just lie in the ground. Happy. At rest. At last."

Although he spent 15 years in sanctuary at the American legation in Budapest, Josef, Cardinal Mindszenty, 81, was making his first visit to the U.S. mainland in 27 years. Dedicating a New Jersey church for a group of Hungarian Americans, the exiled Primate of Hungary, who has lived in Vienna since he left Budapest in 1971, emphasized the cultural duty of Magyar Americans to preserve their Magyar heritage. He also commented on the plight of the Soviet Jews. Mindszenty was tortured by the Nazis after he welcomed to his monasteries in Hungary Jews fleeing before the 1944 German invasion of his homeland.

France will send a good-will ambassador to Nippon: a woman. Emerging from consultations in Paris with Japanese Premier Kakuei Tanaka, French President Georges Pompidou signaled East-West rapport with a communiqué. Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa* is to go overseas next spring for the greater glory of France. Again. In 1962 *La Joconde* became Culture Minister André Malraux's homage to Kennedy's Camelot. But are the French justified in turning a priceless painting into a political greeting card? Not only does the lady's smile seem to grow more enigmatic the farther she travels from her home in the Louvre, but her infirmities intensify. With her 500th birthday approaching, the 30½ in. by 20½ in. panel is very frail and brittle.

Mata Hari lives again—in the foiled mastermind of Watergate Conspirator E. Howard Hunt. On June 6, Hunt appeared before the Los Angeles grand jury investigating the break-in at the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist. Officially released last week, his testimony reveals he suspected Ellsberg to be a man of "a great many sexual problems." Worse, Ellsberg "consorted with females of foreign birth and extraction, which," Hunt pronounced, "was a danger signal to anybody in the counterespionage field." Ellsberg did not deny that he was guilty of foreign intrigues but was otherwise baffled: "The few anecdotes about my sex life I told my psychiatrist quite bored him."

THE THEATER

Newsclips of 1936

CROWN MATRIMONIAL

by ROYCE RYTON

In *Crown Matrimonial*, British playwright Royce Ryton qualifies as one of the grounds keepers of history. He rakes up a pile of yellowed 1936 newspaper clippings to reassemble the tale of how Edward VIII abdicated his kingship in order to marry "the woman I love."

At this late date, the yielding up of an imperial crown for the hand of Wallis Warfield Simpson cannot remotely claim the urgency and import that H.L. Mencken once assigned to it when he called it "the greatest story since the Resurrection." Ryton is a slave to the egalitarian fallacy—namely, that under the trappings of royalty lie simple everyday souls who have their ups and downs just like thee and me.

The play offers no new insight and makes no clear point. It pushes nostalgia to the brink of extinction. Queen Mother Mary (Eileen Herlie) is a starchy matriarch with a cast-iron devotion to duty. Edward (George Grizzard) is a kind of superannuated adolescent with vague notions of modernizing monarchy. As for the Duke (Patrick Horgan) and Duchess (Ruth Hunt) of York, they caterwaul incessantly about not having had enough on-the-job training to assume the reigns of empire.

With a plot devoid of suspense, an air of regality is of the essence. Eileen Herlie strives for imperiousness and achieves glacial suburban pomposity. George Grizzard suggests a jaunty detached habit of command, but any show of passion is dissipated in petulance. All in all, one has the unsettling impression that a pickup cast of stewards and maids from the crew of the *Queen Elizabeth II* could have mimicked royalty more convincingly.

■ T.E. Kalem

GRIZZARD & HERLIE IN CROWN





BISSET & TRUFFAUT



DANI & LÉAUD



VALENTINA CORTÈSE



BISSET & AUMONT

CINEMA

A Sly, Loving Tribute to Film Making

DAY FOR NIGHT

Directed by FRANÇOIS TRUFFAUT

Screenplay by FRANÇOIS TRUFFAUT, JEAN-LOUIS RICHARD and SUZANNE SCHIFFMAN

A long, finely choreographed street scene: clusters of people move easily along or hurry out of a Métro entrance. We see, then lose, a young man. A red sports car drives by; a mother wheels a carriage along the sidewalk; a man walks casually until he meets the young man, who has slipped back into the frame. The two stare at each other in questioning, quiet hostility for a moment. Then the boy slaps the man across the face.

"Cut!" calls a voice. The film goes on, but suddenly the director appears on the screen, giving his actors a critique of the take. The red sports car moved out of the shot too soon. There was not enough background action. Some of the extras did not come out of the Métro entrance fast enough.

We are momentarily disoriented,

startled, a little frustrated. It is as if a magician performed a beautiful trick, then pulled back the curtains to show how he did it. This new movie of Truffaut's is just such a revelation, a sly and loving tribute to the elaborate and inspiring chaos of film making—and Truffaut's funniest, shrewdest, most relaxed work in some time.

Day for Night (the title is film maker's argot for photographing scenes in daylight to make them look like night) recounts the frustrations, compensations and intramural emotional crises of a crew on location in Nice to shoot a movie called *Meet Pamela*. "Shooting a film is like taking a stagecoach ride in the Old West," says the director (definitely played by Truffaut himself). "First you hope to have a nice trip. Then you just hope to reach your destination."

The cast and crew abound in the sort of personalities that would be recognizable in any film company. There is the eager, flustered young leading man (Jean-Pierre Léaud); the older leading

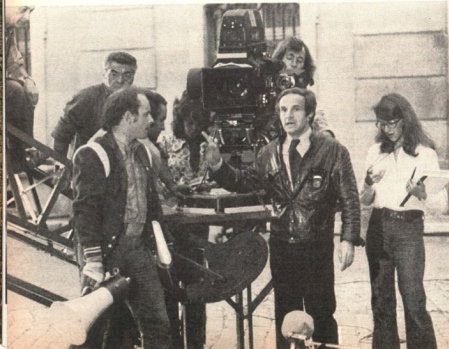
man with the assurance of experience (Jean-Pierre Aumont); and the older leading woman who drinks too much and muddles her scenes (Valentina Cortèse). There is the young leading woman, an American who has just recovered from a nervous breakdown and is making her first film in over a year (Jacqueline Bisset); the film groupie who starts out as a script girl and ends up running off with the stunt man (Dani). Also present are the director's dedicated, sensible assistant (Nathalie Baye), who muses: "I would give up a guy for a film—but I would never give up a film for a guy"; a zany special effects man (Bernard Menez); a forever wide-eyed make-up girl (Nike Arrighi); an anxious producer (Jean Champion); and a production manager (Gaston Joly) with a suspicious wife (Zénaïde Rossi). Under normal circumstances, such a group could be counted on to cordially despise one another. But on location they create the kind of exuberant turmoil from which movies—just barely—get made.

Truffaut chronicles all their vagaries with tolerance and bemusement. He makes film making, even at its most scrambled, seem wonderfully fulfilling. The general air of celebration is seductive, but it dulls from time to time the film's cunning edge of irony. When Truffaut reassures a distraught Jean-Pierre Léaud that "people like us are only happy in our work," or when Jacqueline Bisset risks a secure marriage to spend the night with Léaud—for reasons that seem both unconvincingly melodramatic and obscure—the movie begins to sound a little defensive and boosterish, like a chorus of *There's No Business like Show Business*.

The movie misses, too, the air of real panic and urgency of, say, *8½*. Truffaut means, instead, to document the consuming romance of the film-making process. Several sequences do break through to some intensity: Cortèse's muffing of a simple scene that starts comically and turns, with each of the actress's false starts and flailings, into a cameo of desperation; the director's dream recollection of his youth, when he sneaked down a street late one night and stole some *Citizen Kane* stills from outside a theater.

There are also some excellent performances, especially by Cortèse and Baye, and Truffaut's style flows easily.

TRUFFAUT (RIGHT) SHOOTING THE MOVIE WITHIN A MOVIE IN DAY FOR NIGHT



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

instantly deflate. One drawback: if the car continues to bounce or fall, the driver could be injured after the bag loses air. Nonetheless, Ford and Chrysler also plan to offer air bags as options in 1975.

Despite expectations of waning sales, Detroit has one source of comfort. Small foreign-made cars are losing their price advantage in the U.S. as the impact of two dollar devaluations and raging worldwide inflation drive up their costs. Last week Volkswagen of America raised the average price of Beetles a hefty \$325, or 14%; other foreign car makers are certain to follow suit. That happens to fit in nicely with the pricing strategy of the U.S. automakers, who are posting substantial price increases on their import-battling small cars, while adding only marginally to the prices of slower-selling larger models.

MERGERS

Profit Insurance

Although the world's growing dependence on petroleum seems to guarantee it a prosperous future, Gulf Oil Corp. has been casting a covetous eye on companies in unrelated industries. Last week it announced which it would like to pick: Chicago's CNA Financial Corp. (1972 revenue: \$1.6 billion), which has interests in insurance, consumer credit and real estate. Gulf proposes to pay in securities worth roughly \$800 million, making the prospective acquisition one of the biggest ever.

By taking over CNA, Gulf management hopes to buy a form of profit insurance. Kuwait, from whose oil fields Gulf gets more than half its worldwide crude supply, put curbs on production last year, and Gulf has been seeking ways to cushion the blow. Taking over CNA would also be attractive for other reasons: Gulf has a lot of excess cash on hand that could be used to greatly expand the insurance company's operations. The special tax benefits that Gulf enjoys as an oil company could provide a tax shelter for part of CNA's already considerable profits (nearly \$100 million last year), thereby increasing the combined worth of the two companies. Such benefits appeal especially to Harold H. Hammer, Gulf's chief financial officer, who worked out the proposal. Hammer joined Gulf about a year ago after a clash with his old employer: William C. Norris, the blunt chairman of Control Data Corp., for whom Hammer had put together a string of mergers.

CNA's board appears likely to approve the take-over, even though Gulf is trying to pick up CNA at a bargain price: Gulf securities worth about \$19 for each CNA share, only slightly more than the stock's book value of \$17.50. But even if CNA's stockholders go along, the deal could still be challenged by state regulators or the Justice Department, which has been unenthusiastic about giant corporate mergers.

EYECATCHERS

Outspoken Adviser

"I have found," President Nixon told his press conference last week, "that economists are the most independent breed of the human species, except for members of the press." With good reason, the President was referring specifically to William J. Fellner, 68, whom he has nominated to the three-member Council of Economic Advisers. His Senate confirmation hearings had not even begun when Fellner advised the Administration to stop trying to get the unemployment rate down to 4% and counseled acceptance of a 5% rate as more realistic. For good measure, he criticized the Administration for overstimulating the economy last year, advocated rapid junking of Phase IV price controls, and also declared that he would risk bringing on a recession in order to

get inflation under control.



FELLNER

The testy impression left by those remarks is not quite the one that the Hungarian-born Fellner, who arrived in the U.S. in 1939, made on his colleagues at Yale, where he taught for 21 years before retiring in June. They remember him as a scholar of grave old-world courtesy who developed a surprising facility as an amateur bartender (he is one of the few people left who knows how to mix a sidecar). He has, however, been acquiring a reputation as a hard-liner on inflation and as a holder of what Nixon wryly described as "rather, shall we say, outspoken" views. Fellner's views are, in fact, not all that unusual. His daring in voicing them out loud assuredly is—and it promises some lively times on the CEA, especially if, as rumored, Fellner eventually succeeds Herbert Stein as head of the council.

Eastern's Purger

As chairman and chief executive of Eastern Air Lines since 1963, Floyd D. Hall, 57, a handsome former pilot, might well be thought accountable for the financial tailspin that may cause the line to report a loss of as much as \$30 million this year, v. a profit of nearly \$20 million in 1972. But Hall's reaction has been to start a purge of the rest of the management. Recently, three of Eastern's 59 vice presidents left the company, and another three were reassigned, following about a dozen executives of slightly lower rank. Last week the shake-up was climaxed by the resignation of President Samuel L. Higginbottom, 52, an engineer who had been Hall's No. 2 man since 1970.

Pinning responsibility for the slump

is difficult. Eastern's traffic has not come up to expectations, early operating costs of its Lockheed L-1011 were much higher than anticipated, and Eastern was badly hurt by the December crash of an L-1011 in the Everglades, which has officially been blamed on pilot error. In any case, there is no question that Hall is now in total command, and will have to take responsibility for what happens next. His most immediate task is to convince skeptical banks and brokers, some of whom are recommending that their clients sell Eastern stock, that he has a practical plan for pulling out of the nose-dive. As first steps, he announced a program of layoffs, slashes in next year's ad and capital spending budgets, and a 10% salary cut for Eastern executives.



HALL

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Highflying Ghost

Italian businessmen call Eugenio Cefis "the ghost" because of his aversion to publicity. The low-profile approach is understandable. A former anti-Nazi resistance fighter and onetime head of ENI, the government oil agency, Cefis indulges an un-Italian predilection for sandwich-and-milk lunches at his desk. In 1971, at the age of 50, he became the head of Montedison S.p.A., Italy's biggest industrial concern but a shaky one. He promptly spun off about 15% of its operations and began a series of acquisitions that made Montedison the producer of 80% of Italy's synthetic fibers, 33% of its chemicals, 10% of its pharmaceuticals and 40% of its department-store sales. Still, operating losses in 1971 and 1972 averaged \$350 million a year. Now the headlines are better for the ghost, and Montedison sales for the first six months of this year are up 16.4% from the same period in 1972. Recently Cefis turned up in Moscow to sign a deal under which Montedison will build seven chemical plants for the Soviet Union for a price of \$500 million. The transaction breaks a two-year slump in Italian-Soviet trade.



CEFIS

With Soviet money beginning to come in, and the benefits of his reorganization taking hold, Cefis predicts, in one of his rare public comments, that Montedison, nearly 20% of which is owned by the Italian government, will be "flying high" in 1974.

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CORPORATIONS

The Razor's Edge at STP

Rotund Andy Granatelli, chairman of STP Corp., has become one of television's most familiar—indeed, unavoidable—commercial pitchmen, touting his much criticized engine-oil additive as the “racer’s edge.” A little more than a week ago, Granatelli, 50, got the razor’s edge when his board of directors abruptly cut him loose and replaced him with John J. Hooker Jr., entrepreneur and sometime politician. Hooker was hand-picked by Derald H. Ruttenberg, chairman of the widely diversified Studenbaker-Worthington Inc., which owns a controlling interest in STP. The keenly publicity-conscious Granatelli was almost as incensed by what he believed



GRANATELLI IN TV COMMERCIAL
Fat, flamboyant and fired.

was inadequate press coverage of his ouster as by the firing itself. Grouched Andy: “I don’t know how that can happen when a company our size releases the man who *is* the company.”

Flamboyant, loquacious and abrasively opinionated, Granatelli’s chief role at STP was that of promoter. He regularly lavished up to a quarter of the company’s annual income on advertising, in which he and his wife Dolly played starring roles, and on sponsoring cars bearing the STP label and Day-Glo red colors in major auto races such as the Indianapolis 500. In ten years as president, he built STP sales from \$9,000,000 a year to almost \$100 million and expanded the line to include oil filters, engine-block heaters and anti-pollution devices. Granatelli collected one of the fattest incomes in American business: about \$230,000 a year.

In recent years, however, Granatelli increased his already astonishing promotional spending to offset the impact of charges that STP additive was of little, if any help for engines. Though the company’s sales rose slightly in 1972, net

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

profit skidded by \$1.7 million, to \$6.7 million. Granatelli was drawn into open disagreement with his fellow directors, especially Ruttenberg, who argued unsuccessfully for a cutback in the costly ad budget. Apparently Ruttenberg seized the opportunity to persuade the board to dump Granatelli after a preliminary company report estimated that third-quarter earnings would again be down sharply—even though most of the decline was caused by the Government's summer price freeze.

Hooker, 43, the man who replaces Granatelli, has a kind of Midas-in-reverse track record. Almost all of his business enterprises—including Minnie Pearl's Chicken System, Mahalia Jackson's Chicken System and the Royal Castle fast-food operation in Miami—have been unsuccessful. Southern aristocrat, he ran twice for Governor of Tennessee and lost both times. Said an earnest Hooker last week: "I really don't know the reason for the change."

OIL

Political Pipeline

Even before the Six-Day War of 1967 shut down the Suez Canal, Egyptians and oil men—to say nothing of their customers in the West—dreamed of a pipeline linking the Red and Mediterranean seas. Such a link (see map following page) would make unnecessary the costly circumnavigation of Africa by the giant tankers (too fat to fit the canal) that now deliver Arab oil to European refineries. It would also produce revenues that would go a long way toward filling the big hole left in the Egyptian treasury by the closing of the canal. For all its promise, though, the pipeline seemed as unattainable as permanent peace in the Middle East—until last week, when the Egyptian government announced that an American firm had been hired to build it. Smack in the middle of the deal was Kidder, Peabody & Co., Inc., a big American investment banking firm of the kind that militant Arabs have often denounced as instruments of American imperialism.

The \$345 million package is the biggest project involving Americans to be started in Egypt since 1956, when John Foster Dulles, then Secretary of State, withdrew an offer of U.S. aid for the Aswan High Dam. Appropriately enough, it was arranged by an Egyptian-born Lebanese reddish-haired, bespectacled Roger Tamraz, 34, a Harvard Business School graduate who heads Kidder, Peabody's Mideast office. He plucked the contract from a consortium of 16 European firms that had signed a preliminary agreement to build the pipeline in 1971. Says Tamraz: "It was straight out of the golden age of merchant banking, before accountants and clerks took over so much of it."

The coup was made possible by dawdling by the Europeans. Earlier this



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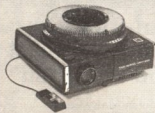
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The medication used in the tests was Preparation H®. No prescription is needed for Preparation H. In ointment or suppository form.



year, the Egyptians backed out of the two-year-old commitment because the partners indulged in what Egyptian Oil Minister Ahmed Hilal described as "disgusting" bickering among themselves, besides insisting that they be paid in a bewildering assortment of currencies ranging from yen to pesetas. By contrast, Kidder's package was too good to pass up: the 207-mile pipeline would be built by Bechtel Incorporated of San Francisco, a vastly experienced international construction firm, and it would be paid for in dollars. Provided that the latest flare-up in hostilities ends in time, construction will begin early next year, and is expected to be completed by 1976.

Fund Package. Kidder, Peabody and New York's First National City Bank are putting together a combination of funds, which might include money from Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, and credits and interest guarantees from the U.S. Government's Export-Import Bank. By 1977 the pipeline is expected to carry 80 million tons of crude a year, and transit fees are expected to total \$150 million annually.

If the Eximbank does grant credits for the pipeline, an economic tie that has been dormant for almost ten years would be restored. Even more important, the pipeline revenues could encourage Egypt to continue its trend toward less ideological policies. With more funds, it will be able to resist the blandishments of oil-soaked, militantly anti-American Libya, upon which it has been heavily dependent for aid. Indeed, the line might even attract some business from a competitor: the Israelis' Eilat-Ashkelon pipeline. Still, the U.S. and Egypt are playing down the political possibilities. Egypt's government-controlled press has not even acknowledged that Bechtel and Kidder are American firms.



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The sacred grove of Dodona was venerated by the ancient Greeks. Zeus' voice was supposed to be heard in one of its great oak's rustling leaves.

California's Maidu Indians believed that originally the earth was a mass of fire which gradually collected in the center. But that the roots of trees were still connected to the fire which could be extracted by special drills.

Ancient Norsemen believed in Yggdrasil, the World Tree, an immense ash. Its roots were in Hel, the kingdom of death, its branches in Heaven. And the stars hung in its crown. At the base of the tree, around the sacred well, were the three Nornir, or fates, who decided the course of human events. The Christmas tree is an outgrowth of the belief in Yggdrasil.

Are trees as sacred now as they once were?

Yes, but in a different way.

Few people today believe that spirits live in trees. Or that God's voice can literally be heard in their branches as the ancient Greeks did.

Yet, trees are still venerated. Man still feels closer to Nature in a forest than in the city. This is probably why vast forests have been set aside as wilderness areas and national parks all across the country.

Maybe it's because these feelings of veneration run so deep, that some people's feelings run so high when they see a harvested forest.

And yet man is part of Nature. And part of the ecology of the globe. And he wants and needs the products of the forest.

So the question is: Can man harvest the forest without harming Nature?

We think so. And so, apparently, does Nature. Because the ways in which we harvest and re-seed the 5.7 million acres in our care will yield trees indefinitely.

And that's in the best interest of both man and Nature.

Nature will cooperate with man **STR**EGIS
if man learns to cooperate with Nature.



Many trees were revered in the East. The Ginkgo was saved from complete extinction because the Chinese considered it sacred. And the Buddha was supposed to have attained enlightenment under a Bo tree.

A tree in Sweden is believed by the local people to cure sickness in children. The naked child is dragged through the exposed roots by its mother. But the charm is supposed to work only on Thursdays.

The Druids, who lived in England some 200 years before Christ, are thought to be the originators of our custom of hanging evergreens at Christmas. They put evergreen branches on their altars to give the elves a place to live while other trees were bare.

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Good Service...Another reason why GE is America's #1 major appliance value.



GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Delaying Doomsday

Of all the predictions of ecological disaster, none have sounded more persuasive—or alarming—than those put forth last year under the banner of the prestigious Club of Rome. Based on computer projections of the present rate of population and industrial growth, a team of scientists at M.I.T. forecast massive economic collapse and global epidemics by the end of the 21st century. Last month another computer specialist sharply disputed that gloomy outlook. Writing in the British publication *Nature*, he reported that the computer programs used by the M.I.T. group contain a simple but highly significant "typographical error" that drastically alters their doomsday projections.

The challenge comes from Chemical Engineer Thomas J. Boyle, who did his work at Arizona's Lowell Observatory. Eager to verify the Club of Rome's claims—which were widely publicized by Dennis Meadows in his controversial *Limits to Growth*—Boyle obtained copies of the original computer programs for a study of his own. The programs are, in effect, mathematical instructions or models for the computer. In the case of the M.I.T. study, they were used to show the close relationship between such variable factors as availability of cheap energy and agricultural land, birth control measures and mineral resources on the world's overall material well-being.

As Boyle began translating the M.I.T. programs into the mathematical language required by Lowell's IBM 1130 computer, one number caught his eye. It was in a sequence concerning the rate at which the M.I.T. group assumed pollution to be generated by industrial output. Boyle was surprised to find that the number was ten times as large as it should have been to be located where it was in the sequence.

Different World. In his book, Meadows, leader of the M.I.T. team, wrote that even when the most optimistic assumptions were made about the availability of mineral resources, agricultural production, cheap energy, effectiveness of population control, etc., the computer yielded the same results. It pointed to a global crisis marked by great famines, depletion of natural resources and disastrous pollution of the seas and atmosphere. Only drastic restrictions on all types of economic growth could avert the calamity, he insisted.

Not so, says Boyle who is now a faculty member at Montreal's McGill University. Using the same assumptions as those made by the Meadows group—but correcting the pollution factor—he found that his computer runs conjured up a dramatically different world: by the year 2100, they showed, world popula-

tion would stabilize at 6 billion people. Life expectancy would rise, pollution would be under control and technology would manage to forestall such crises as famine and industrial collapse.

Rejected for publication by the U.S. journal *Science* before *Nature* printed it, Boyle's paper has already stirred up a new scientific row. Meadows, refusing to change his apocalyptic vision, vigorously denies that any typographical errors crept into the published results. He adds: "Every single conclusion that we reported has no relationship to the error purported by Boyle." But Boyle points out that his computer runs all check out in other respects with the projections in the book—a good indication, he feels, that the program he used was the same as the one on which the book was based. Beyond this, Boyle shares the view of many computer experts that so many factors are involved in mathematical modeling on a global scale that even the best computer programs are still far too crude to make really accurate predictions.

Sicker Transit

Helping the nation's cities to unsnarl their traffic jams might seem a top-priority issue for the Federal Government. But the most practical way to do so—partly subsidizing urban mass-transit systems—raises fierce controversy. Members of Congress from suburban and rural areas argue that cities should pay for their own transit. President Nixon also opposes the subsidies, saying they would strain the federal budget.

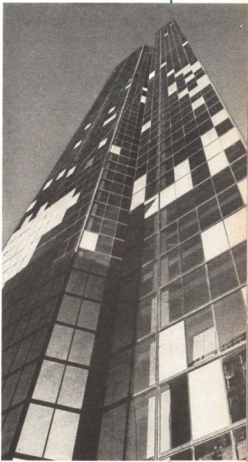
But good ideas die hard. Last month the Senate passed a bill authorizing \$800 million to help pay for the ever-rising costs of city mass-transit over the next two years. Last week the House approved a similar measure by a vote of 219-195. If the differences between the two versions can be ironed out, the bill will go to the President—for an almost certain veto. Congressional proponents will probably not be able to muster enough votes to override that veto. Result: public transportation in most U.S. cities will remain inadequate.

Those Window Pains

The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.'s \$95 million headquarters in Boston may be the most famous new building in the U.S.—and all because of its window pains. The 60-story tower is supposed to be sheathed with 10,344 windows of a double-paned insulating glass that reflect the Copley Square surroundings. Trouble is, about 3,500 of those windows have cracked, and some of them have even fallen off the building, delaying occupancy for months.

As word of the window woes spread, suggestions began to flow to Hancock executives from all over the nation. A Cleveland man proposed boring tiny holes in each pane to equalize pressure inside and out. A Maryland convict advised Hancock to put boxes under each window to catch the glass fragments. One superstitious woman even told the insurance company to "sell the building," since every broken mirror-window represented seven years of bad luck—20,000 years of it in total. Instead, each flawed window has been temporarily replaced with sheets of plywood, leading Bostonians to nickname the building "the Plywood Palace."

What caused the problem? With a number of lawsuits possibly in the offing, no one is saying. But last week Hancock and its architects, I.M. Pei & Partners, announced a solution. Over a period of seven months, every single window will be replaced with heat-treated glass of the kind used in safety doors. The estimated cost: between \$5,000,000 and \$7,000,000.



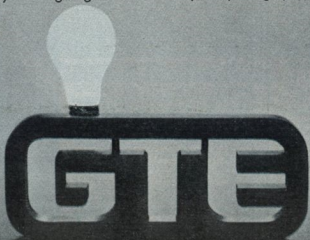
We get people talking.

(To 23,000,000 people we're the telephone company)



We brighten their lives a bit.

(Sylvania lighting for home, industry and photography)



We entertain them.

(Sylvania color TV and stereo)

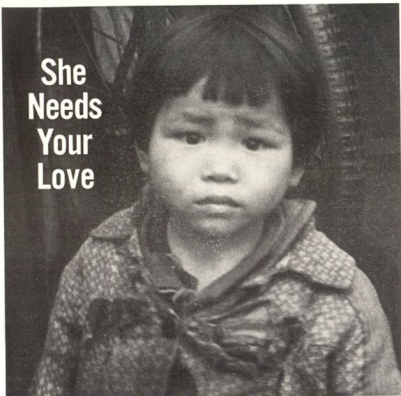


We're GTE...

(a growing concern for your growing needs)



She Needs Your Love



CCF worker Glen Graber found five-year-old Su Lin waiting for her mother in an alley.

Little Su Lin in Formosa is hungry but her mother won't be home to feed her until after dark. And then supper will be only a handful of rice, a cup of tea, and maybe a bit of fish.

Since Su Lin's father is dead her mother works fourteen hours a day in Taipei's crowded industrial center—trying to earn enough to keep Su Lin and her five brothers and sisters alive.

Su Lin has never had a dress that wasn't torn, or a bright ribbon in her hair, or a birthday party, or a doll. She can't go to school because there is no money for proper clothes, shoes, books or lunches.

And her future? Well, she may learn to beg and search garbage heaps for edible scraps of food. When she gets hungry enough she will learn to steal.

Yet, for only \$12 a month, Su Lin—and children like her—can be helped. Your love can give her nourishing food, school books—and maybe even that bright ribbon for her hair.

In return you will receive a deep satis-

faction, plus the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters . . . and love. The child will know who you are and will answer your letters.

(If you want to send a special gift, a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the entire amount will be forwarded, along with your instructions.

You can join thousands of other Americans who find this to be the beginning of a warm personal friendship with a deserving child.

And your help is desperately needed. Requests continue to come from Seoul, Korea, 15 babies abandoned every day . . . Vietnam, more war orphans . . . Calcutta, children living in the streets . . . Jordan . . . Brazil . . . Formosa.

Won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Philippines, Indonesia and Guatemala. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a month. I enclose first payment of \$ _____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture. I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$ _____.
☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Registered (VFA-080) with the U.S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7. **TI 4590**



MILESTONES

Born. To Melanie, 25, baby-voiced folk-schmalz singer whose most appropriate musical question was *What Have They Done to My Song, Ma?*, and her manager-husband Peter Schekeryk, 31: their first child, a girl, near Neptune, N.J. Name: Leilah.

Divorced. Lou Rawls, 39, onetime gospel choirboy whose charcoal-blue ballads, particularly *Love Is a Hurtin' Thing*, were among the first soul songs to hit the top of the pop charts in the '60s; by Lana Jean Rawls, 31; after twelve years of marriage and two children; in Los Angeles.

Divorced. Sean Connery, 43, the Scottish actor who was typecast as Super-spy James Bond in *Dr. No*, *Thunderball* and four other 007 epics; and Diane Cilento, 40, novelist and actress who played the randy wench Molly Seagrim in *Tom Jones*; after eleven years of marriage and one child; in London.

Died. Paul Hartman, 69, ballroom buffoon with a thousand expressions whose double-jointed dance routines with his wife Grace tickled American nightclub and theater audiences in the '30s and '40s; of a heart attack; in Los Angeles. Best known for his Broadway antics in *Angel in the Wings* (1948), Hartman appeared frequently on television and made numerous films, among them *Inherit the Wind* (1960) and *Luv* (1967). He had recently begun preparing for a major supporting role in a movie of Nathaniel West's *The Day of the Locust*.

Died. Paavo Nurmi, 76, Finland's legendary long-distance runner who won seven individual gold medals in three Olympiads (during the 1920s), of heart disease; in Helsinki. As a poor youngster, Nurmi worked in a foundry and ran 50 miles a week to develop his stamina. With long, flowing strides, "the Flying Finn" streaked through his decade, setting 28 world marks and dominating every distance race from 1,500 meters to the 26-mile marathon. Disqualified from the 1932 Olympics for "professionalism," he returned bitterly to Finland and made a fortune in the construction business.

Died. Sidney Blackmer, 78, durable character actor who impersonated Teddy Roosevelt in no fewer than ten plays and movies; of cancer; in New York. From his film debut as an extra in a 1915 *Perils of Pauline* episode, Blackmer went on to gain fame as a '20s and '30s matinee idol. But his best performances came after his youth began to fade: he won a Tony in 1950 for his portrayal of Doc, the alcoholic husband, in William Inge's *Come Back, Little Sheba*, and most recently was the satanic warlock in the film *Rosmary's Baby*.

If you think...



**Feminine
Mystique is a
new French
hair spray...**

**Ms. is plural
of M...**

**Suffragettes
were lady
masochists...**

You'd better turn to us for help.

Hardly anyone would accept these definitions as correct. But do you know what the terms, aims and implications of the women's rights movement are really all about?

If you're a listener to one of the CBS Owned AM stations, you won't mistake a "chauvinist

pig" as being the government's answer to high meat prices. Because you'll hear more than just the headlines. You'll hear what *led* to the headlines. And what the headlines can *lead* to.

So you pick up important information about major issues of the day, like the feminist movement.

In Los Angeles, for example, KNX Newsradio listeners are aware of the very special problems of women over 65, thanks to a presentation in the station's public service series "Assignment '73."

Our St. Louis audience turned to "At Your Service" on KMOX and learned about the professional woman in today's society direct from a former president of The National Federation of Business and Professional Women.

In fact, all seven of our stations spend a significant amount of time dealing with

this modern phenomenon of women's rights, including continuing features like "A Look at Women Today" on KCBS Newsradio, San Francisco.

To keep our listeners on top of the news, it's our job to get to the bottom of things. And it's this kind of programming that provides a basic grounding in the language and lore of today's vital issues.

So when our listeners hear the term "women's role," they not only can tell you it isn't a delicacy served in New England tea rooms; they can tell you what it really is.

The CBS Owned AM Stations.

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A Slice of the River

An artist's sudden maturation is balm to see: 20 years of work, elusive recognition—then a burst of paintings of exceptional originality and depth. It does not often happen that way, but in the past year it has to a soft-spoken California painter named Joseph Raffael, 40. His series of five *Water Paintings*—large studies of light and reflection on fragments of river, without horizon or air or any of the normal appurtenances of landscape painting—goes on view this week at the Nancy Hoffman Gallery in lower Manhattan.

Raffael was born in Brooklyn. He studied and lived in New York City before deciding, as he put it, that "I desperately needed to find some alternative" to the abrasive, narrow competitiveness of its art scene. During a 1966 teaching stint at the University of California in Berkeley, he met Artists William Allan and William Wiley, still his closest friends. "I liked the independence and quality of their work," he recalls, "and especially how their lives as men and artists were so rich. It instilled in me a sense of what a person and an artist could be." With his wife Judy and their four children he moved to San Francisco in 1969, buying a studio in the redwoods of Marin County.

Raffael had long painted isolated images based on photos clipped from magazines. Blown up to large scale, the objects were rich in color and thinly painted, "realistic" and yet imbued with a mesalline intensity. He found that California did not so much alter his style as allow him to work less self-consciously within it. For *Water Paintings*, begun in 1972, he used photos of trout, river surfaces and rapids in northern California snapped by Allan, an enthusiastic fly fisherman.

Deadpan Images. Raffael's use of photos has created, in some quarters, the impression of an affinity with the much touted American "New Realism." Not so. The neorealist effort—air-brushed Volkswagen bumper bars, Los Angeles parking lots, horse postcards, the whole post-Pop iconography of deadpan images—is merely an absent-minded rumination on fact, painting reduced to bland, mechanical transliteration. The method precludes light and atmosphere, and silences all dialogue between brushwork and image. New Realism is the limp, ineffectual salon art of the '70s.

In contrast, Raffael is obsessed by light, its sparkle and sheen and transparency. The subjects of his earlier paintings seem to have been chosen to show what happens to light on every sort of surface—the hammered gold of a chalice, the sleek moist interior of an oyster or the pock-marked ivory of a hornbill's beak. Raffael undertook an inspection of their varied skins on the

level, if not of the cell, at least on that of the pore. Each point where light hit the tiniest break of texture or color was set down in a curious, tightly circling calligraphy that resembled beads, or agglomerations of frog spawn. Despite their iconic serenity when seen from a distance, Raffael's paintings disclose a bejeweled profusion of incident close up. "There's just no end to reality," says Raffael. "You can keep going closer into it, but you never ever come out the other end."

Where, then, should a painter stop? Jan van Eyck took his scrutiny down to the limit of detail where the smallest legible form seems governed by a single hair of the brush: a painter's metaphor

Renaissance portraiture, the graininess of pigment "equals" the cellular structure of flesh.

The photographs Raffael used had an obvious function: they froze time. Pictures of this size (some 6 ft. by 9 ft.) cannot readily be made by setting up an easel beside some river in northern California; only Monet, with his unequalled powers of observing and retaining a fleeting effect of light and movement, could paint his water-lily murals in open air at Giverny with gardeners struggling to haul the vast 19-ft. canvases in and out of his studio. But Raffael's images are not ruled by their starting point in the photo. They are re-creation, not enlargement; between photo and painting



PAINTER JOSEPH RAFFAEL AT WORK IN HIS CALIFORNIA STUDIO
Freezing time into the stuff of contemplation.

of the universal eye of God, marking the sparrow's fall. Perhaps that option is not open to a modern artist since the assumptions behind it no longer exist. In any case, Raffael (who, like any other young artist in New York in the '50s, was affected by Abstract Expressionism) wanted to keep handwriting—the visible gesture of the brush, done in and for itself—in his work. A large part of his enterprise over the past several years has been both to preserve the spontaneous mark and to generate the maximum illusion.

The *Water Paintings* are the freest images Raffael has so far made, and by far the most poetic. The blots, scribbles and stains of the paint—closely worked and yet oddly abstract, as if performed in a trance—are analogues to the liquidity of water itself. Paint "equals" water in much the same way as, in some

fall a multitude of pictorial decisions made with a tender virtuosity without parallel in other American figurative painting today.

As one observes this water bubbling over falls and ledges, moving icily above its brown pebbles or taking the sky like a slightly ominous and broken sheet of mercury, the illusionistic skill is impressive. But the real life of these paintings comes from Raffael's ability to take a slice of river and, by giving it absolute presence, turn it into the stuff of contemplation. The *Water Paintings* are lyrical considerations of time and mutability, as well as matter. "You cannot," Heraclitus remarked, "step into the same river twice"—an observation that a later Greek sophist neatly amended: "You cannot step into the same river once." It is a text for the silences of Raffael's work.

■ Robert Hughes



Light sparkles in Joseph Raffael's "Water Painting #2," 1973



River pebbles in Raffael's "Water Painting #1," 1973

When should you buy your first Cadillac?

It's probably less a question of money than state of mind.

When you reach that point when second best is no longer good enough, you're ready for the most popular luxury car in America... Cadillac. And more and more people seem to be reaching that point earlier and earlier in life — as evidenced by the fact that Cadillac purchases by people under 35 have increased by nearly 25% over the last five years.

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He works there."

A child's first phone call to the office is pretty important. So are all those other calls a businessman gets and makes.

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Boldly Back in Business

Backstage at the New York City Opera last week, Head Costumer J. Edgar Joseph had a problem. Would the off-white silk nightgown take to the rose dye? If not, Diva Beverly Sills would have to portray the heroine of Donizetti's *Anna Bolena* 30 hours later in a hand-me-down from Massenet's *Manon*. The dilemma was only one of several dozen facing Joseph at the time. Suddenly he rose from his chair, walked to a big dressing mirror and began screaming at himself. "What's the use of yelling at someone else?" he said. "It's nobody's fault. This way I get it out of my system."

Memorable Lesson. "It" was the most frantic week in the City Opera's 30-year history. Closed down for four weeks by a surprise strike of the orchestra's musicians (TIME, Oct. 8), the company was boldly getting back in business by presenting three new opera productions in four nights. As directors, casts, musicians and technicians scurried to get ready, the backstage scene often looked like something out of the Marx Brothers' *A Night at the Opera*. Even La Sills, usually the best prepared of singers, became momentarily confused. At the full-dress rehearsal of *Bolena*, she lost her way in Anna's prayer scene and began to repeat herself. Ever the pro, Sills tossed off the mistake with a quip: "It is such a pretty aria, once is good but twice is better."

When the New York State Theater's great gold curtain finally rose for the first act of *Bolena*, Sills' nightie (successfully rosied) hung in her dressing room, and all, incredibly, was in place on time, ready to be admired. Not given a major New York stage production since 1850, *Anna Bolena* is a bel canto curio revived to enable Sills to complete her long-planned and justly famed Donizetti trilogy. As with the other queens of the Tudor era, Elizabeth I in *Roberto Devereux* and the Queen of Scots in *Maria Stuarda*, Sills proves again that she is a singing actress without peer. Stage Director Tito Capobianco gives her full rein: she even takes final leave of her lord and mate Henry VIII by giving him a stinging slap in the face that is a triumph of histrionics over history.

The way Sills moves from misery to compassion (for her successor Jane Seymour), and then on to resolute acceptance of her fate, is a memorable lesson in the essential operatic art of building toward the big moment. Though not actually shown, the execution by ax is marvelously anticipated by Sills' clutching at her neck at the final curtain. As Henry, Baritone Robert Hale, 40, is a believably gruff, gout-ridden and girl-crazy monarch, dominating the stage in a way that disguises the fact that he does not have one solo aria.

Contrast of Worlds. Is the ax crueler than what happened to poor Ariadne? Grown weary of her charms, the mighty Theseus simply dropped her off one day on a deserted island. There opera audiences find her in a cave, unable to sleep—largely, or so it sometimes seems, because Naiad, Dryad and Echo are outside singing their soprano heads off. All this, of course, is the stuff of the City Opera's second new production, Richard Strauss' mellifluous, intimate *Ariadne auf Naxos*. In essence, it tells of a composer's horror at learning, in the first part of the opera, that his *opera seria* is going to be performed simultaneously with a *commedia dell'arte* show, which indeed it is in the second part.

Bringing off a musical conceit like this requires a quick, fluster-free directorial hand. This it gets from the queen of American regional opera, Boston's Sarah Caldwell. Daringly, she mixes languages. "Ariadne," the opera within the opera, is performed in the original German; everything else is in English. The trick works because it emphasizes the contrast of worlds that lies at the heart of the work. Caldwell also brings wit and restrained taste to a work too often given the buffoon treatment. Finally, she defers where appropriate to Conductor Julius Rudel and his singers—notably starlet-pretty Patricia Wise as Zerbinetta and buxom Carol Neblett as Ariadne.

Rural Translation. At week's end came the third new production, Frederick Delius' rural translation of Shakespeare, *A Village Romeo and Juliet*. This turn-of-the-century work (in style as well as date) was presented for the first time in the U.S. in April 1972 by the Opera Society of Washington. The New York production is the same, with the identical director (Frank Corsaro) and leads (Tenor John Stewart and Soprano Patricia Wells). It also has the same strengths and weaknesses. Corsaro's "sets" consist of film and slide projections that suggest the right dreamy mood, but unfortunately have a way of blurring the drama's intimacy. Still, *A Village Romeo and Juliet* contains some of Delius' most luxuriant orchestral writing.

If the New York City Opera's first post-strike week accomplished anything, it was to emphasize the company's commendable willingness to take considerable risks with uncertain box office works. Even *Anna Bolena*, for all its royal blood and thunder, is a chancy proposition, musically weak and one of those "neglected masterpieces" that largely deserves its neglect. No matter. Soprano Sills earned her right to sing it by her performance. And with such adventurous programming, the company more than earned a warm welcome back.

■ William Bender



SILLS IN BOLENA



NEBLETT AS ARIADNE



STEWART & WELLS IN ROMEO
Willing to take risks.

The people in away from these Their cars had

The people in these crashes were in cars equipped with an air bag passive restraint system. Inflatable bags that automatically cushion driver and passenger in a frontal-type collision. Inflating, protecting, deflating in less than one-half second.

But the people in these crashes were lucky. Extraordinarily lucky.

Because there are only 1,800 air bag equipped cars on the road today. Used—in a program of on-road testing of air bag reliability—by the U.S. Government, Allstate and several other major companies.

The air bag's record in this program has been most impressive. It has *never* failed, in a real-life crash, to work to protect the occupants as it was designed to do.

In over 35 million miles of on-road testing has the air bag system *ever* inadvertently deployed? Yes. *Once*.

Once, in over 35 million miles of driving, one inadvertent inflation of the air bag has occurred. (The result? A minor hand injury to the right front passenger. However, the driver was completely unaffected and stopped the car without incident.)

But despite its impressive record of performance—including a mounting number of air bag successes like the ones shown here—the protection of air bags is still not available to the public.

We hope this situation is about to change.

Several years ago a Federal regulation was adopted that would have required *some kind of* passive restraint system in all 1974 model cars. But that



68 mph into a parked car. Injury: broken wrist and knee cap. Lap belt: not in use.



Source: St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Photo by Scott C. Dine.

35 mph into utility pole. Injury to driver: slight nose fracture. Injury to passenger: sore shoulder. Lap belts: not present.

these cars walked crashes. air bags.

Source: Photo courtesy of KTTV, Los Angeles.



20 mph head-on collision. Injury: none.
Lap belt: in use.

deadline was called off.
Now 1976 is the target year.
So the debate continues over
what kind of passive restraint
system should be used in cars
sold to the public. (A debate
that's failed to produce any
system as effective as air bags.)

We believe after years of air
bag laboratory tests and over
35 million miles of successful
on-road testing, the time for
debate is over.

Today air bags are
technologically ready to be
installed in production-line cars.
One car manufacturer, General
Motors, has announced plans
to offer air bags as an option
on some 50,000 1974 cars—

Cadillacs, Buicks and
Oldsmobiles. We hope other
companies will follow their
example.

There's little doubt that some
of the people in the crashes
shown here would have been
badly injured or killed if they'd
been driving cars without air
bags. A look at these photo-
graphs makes that clear.

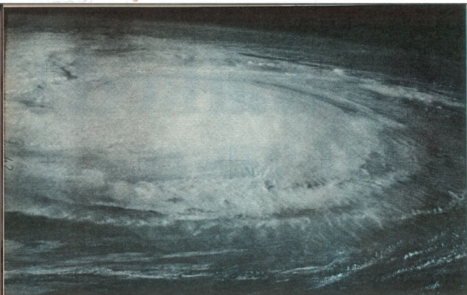
Each year thousands of people
are killed in automobiles. Well
over a million more are
seriously injured, many maimed
for life. How many lives might
be saved, how many injuries
prevented, if air bags were
available to every new car
buyer?

The air bag is ready for America
now. And America, Allstate
believes, is ready for the air bag.

For details on the air bag and its
record of performance, write to
Director of Automotive Engineering,
Allstate Insurance Company,
Northbrook, Illinois 60062.

Allstate®

When will yours?



HURRICANE ELLEN OVER ATLANTIC LAST MONTH AS SEEN FROM SKYLAB

SPACE

Readjusting to Gravity

The prime objective of the Skylab 2 mission was to test how well humans can live and work in space. But Astronauts Al Bean, Jack Lousma and Owen Garriott also had another important goal: observing the earth. Last week, as scientists began assessing the results of the record-breaking journey (during which Skylab 2 circled the earth 859 times in more than 59 days), NASA released some of the astronauts' photographic handiwork. The stunning earth pictures ranged from such geological phenomena as craters on snow-capped volcanoes to sweeping views of Hurricane Ellen to

SPIDER ARABELLA AT WORK



an unusual formation of swirling clouds known as the Von Kármán vortex (after the aeronautical pioneer) over the Mexican island of Guadalupe off Baja California.

Only a week after splashdown, the astronauts were already settling back into a full workaday routine in Houston. Lousma and Garriott, both physical fitness buffs, had resumed jogging. Doctors reported that all three crew members were recovering their strength at a faster pace than the first Skylab team, perhaps because of a stepped-up conditioning program.

In contrast to the astronauts, other passengers aboard Skylab did not do so well on their return to earth. The tiny minnows that were born aboard the space station died after their arrival in Houston; Arabella, the surviving spider who had quickly mastered the art of weaving her web in zero-G, was found dead in her vial by NASA doctors.

Still, the readjustment to gravity was not always easy. Lousma, for example, accidentally let a bottle of aftershave lotion smash on the bathroom floor when he momentarily forgot that he

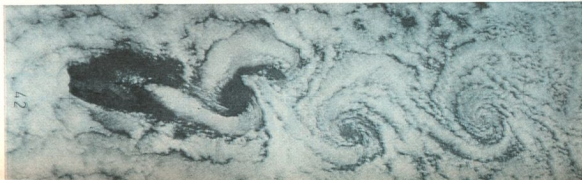
could no longer let the bottle hang in mid-air, as he could in the zero gravity aboard Skylab. Garriott had an even more unusual experience; he lost his balance on his first evening back home when his wife turned off the lights as they were going upstairs to bed. "I can't stand up unless I have a visual reference," he complained. Helen Garriott flicked the lights back on and his balance was restored.

There were other reactions to the return to terrestrial gravity. "I feel a little bit like the ad says—'tired blood,'" Bean told a press conference a week after his homecoming. In part, the weakness was caused by a loss of muscle tone, which deprived the astronauts of about 20% of their strength after their two months of weightlessness. But NASA doctors also blamed a reduction in the production of red blood cells, which fell off by about 12%. Although "space anemia" was first noticed during early Gemini flights, it is still a puzzle to doctors.

Low Point. The astronauts admitted that there had been mental strains in space. Bean reported that the "low point" in morale came early in the mission when problems with the Apollo command ship's rocket-control system raised fears that the flight might have to be prematurely ended, perhaps with the help of a rescue mission. But there were also lesser tensions. "We tended to get a little short with one another," Bean explained. "It would kind of build up over three or four days. [Then] it would always reach a little climax where we would kind of fuss with each other a little bit, and that would be the end of it. It was almost like a family arrangement with your wife, where things work in cycles."

As an antidote for the strain as well as the boredom, restlessness and loneliness of long space journeys, the astronauts recommended a heavy load of useful work on future flights. That activity may be even more important to the Skylab 3 crew. At week's end, NASA was considering extending Skylab 3's mission—scheduled for launch Nov. 11—from the 56 days originally planned to 70. That would give the astronauts more time to observe the newly discovered Comet Kohoutek—perhaps the brightest of the century—as it makes its fiery pass around the sun in December and January.

UNUSUAL CLOUD VORTICES OVER MEXICAN ISLAND OF GUADALUPE NEAR BAJA CALIFORNIA



Why some companies move faster than others.

The long



Inefficiency is the thief of time. Money. And morale. For instance. If you're still doing paperwork by hand, here's just one example of what can happen:

Somebody has to type all those addresses;



fold whatever you're sending;



insert them into the envelopes.



and (ugh) lick all those envelopes;



and (ugh again) lick that many stamps;
stick the stamps;
and stack the envelopes.



And what do you get? Bored people and slow paperwork.

And it could be happening all over your company right now.

And that's too bad, because paper is money. And slow-moving paper can cause hardening of your financial arteries. After all, the faster your bills and orders and invoices go out, the faster you get results back. Think about that.

and the short of it.

The easy way is also the efficient way. Pitney Bowes designs a system just for you in which:

Our Addresser-Printer imprints the addresses;



our Folder-Inserter folds and inserts in a flash;



our Postage Meter automatically prints the right postage, seals and stacks.



If you'd like your company to start moving faster, no matter how much or how little paperwork you handle, write Pitney Bowes, 1288 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn. 06904 or call one of our 190 offices throughout the U.S. and Canada. Postage Meters, Mailing Equipment, Copiers, Counters and Imprinters, Addresser-Printers, Labeling and Marking Systems.



Pitney Bowes

Because business travels at the speed of paper.

Jock v. Paddy

CONFESSIONS OF A FUTURE SCOTSMAN
by PAUL REB
127 pages. Braziller. \$5.95.

The American novelist narrating an identity crisis is getting to be the Ancient Mariner of fiction. It is a brave man (or somebody from out of town) who doesn't cross the street when he sees this wild, hoary figure loping at him with the sandwich board reading: "But who am I—really?" Only a novelist who is intense enough or funny enough can continue to hold an audience with his glittering eye when he stabs a finger in the air and cries: "Once upon a time there was this not-so-little lost ego..."

Paul Reb happens to be both intense and funny, and he writes with the old, angular originality of an author who has been talking to himself at the typewriter for 25 years—mostly in Anchorage, Alaska. By all conceivable point systems, *Confessions of a Future Scotsman* must win the Most Mature First Novel award for 1973. Reb is 48, and he has lived out quite an apprenticeship: he studied photography with Ansel Adams; he prospected (long and unsuccessfully); and he filled a trunk "with ten to fifteen books half written, quarter written, or firmly in mind." Surely he has earned the right to say a man is what he makes himself? Instead he says pretty much the opposite: that a man does not invent his identity; he is born with it, and his only options are to recognize it or not.

Reb's "future Scotsman" is a fairly fantastic bucko named Jack, who believed himself to be an Irishman until

he was 20 and played the part to the Abbey Theater hilt. Though he grew to only 60½ inches and had to dye his hair red, Jack strutted through life indulging in "imitation Irish ultimating" (like his 6 ft. 3 in. father), gloriously using the world as his straight man. "An Irishman," Jack concludes, looking back to lost innocence, "can get by with things another man can't."

When he learns his life has been no more real than a Paddy joke—that he is Scottish on both sides—the news affects Jack like expulsion from Eden. What is a Scotsman? Jack undergoes a case of nine-year shock trying to answer. First he becomes a non-Irishman—a "neutral man," practically evaporating in the arms of his girl Elizabeth, a perfect colleen stereotype with "about seventy-six brothers and sisters, and a drunken no-good father."

But is not-to-be-Irish enough? Can one make a career of being nobody, the "Mr. Pulp of All Existence"? A lot of people do, Reb suggests. Actors of the latest life-style, they call it being contemporary. Count Jack out: he has been somebody once, and he must be somebody again. He meets his first Scotsman, "a moody sort" who wears tweed pants and smokes a pipe. The new hoot-mon studies his archetype and buries himself in Scottish history until his eyes throb. At the end of this surreal little journal of tribal transfer, not only Jack's heart but Jack's body—packing a volume of Robbie Burns—is en route to the Highlands, preparing for rebirth at 29.

Author Reb has no Irish ancestry that he knows of. His father was a Hungarian-born German, his mother part Scots with a little bit of Cherokee. In the book he is witty as a stock Irishman and dour as a stock Scotsman. But his ethnic comic strip is essentially a fresh argument for the most ancient (and the most forgotten) truism: that man is an act of nature as well as being his own artifact. Ah, begorra, laddie, nobody can build the case for nature like a self-made artist.

■ Melvin Maddocks

Travels with Honda

THE TEMPLE OF DAWN
by YUKIO MISHIMA
352 pages. Knopf. \$7.95.

The serial publication of Yukio Mishima's last works, a tetralogy called *The Sea of Fertility*, has the eerie effect of making him seem the fastest and most prolific dead writer in history. A bit more than a year ago came the English translation of the first posthumous volume, *Spring Snow*. Last summer it was *Runaway Horses*. Now we have *The Temple of Dawn*.

Mishima sealed this literary package with his ritual suicide in 1970, when he was only 45. Unlike, say, Ernest Hem-



YUKIO MISHIMA AT KENDO
Ashes from Mount Fuji.

ingway, who shot himself at 61 in apparent despair over a deteriorating mind, Mishima killed himself in what seemed a gesture of robust if wasteful heroism, the ultimate act of self-control. Since his death was so theatrically deliberate, the temptation is strong to judge the tetralogy as an artistic and philosophical suicide note to the world. The note is now three-quarters completed for English-language readers. It is fascinating and ambitious, but the final message (and literary value) is still difficult to decipher.

The first three interconnected books are extraordinarily good. Mishima uses the Buddhist doctrine of reincarnation to link various characters throughout the 20th century with changing manners, politics and national psychology in Japan. In *The Temple of Dawn*, he also discourses widely and sometimes pedantically about Buddhist theory; that is unfamiliar country for most Western readers. But Mishima's intensely poetic moral sense communicates his own fascination with such subjects.

In *Spring Snow*, the dreamy and aristocratic hero Kiyoaki Matsugae died a vaporously youthful death. He becomes Isao, the fanatic young political conspirator of *Runaway Horses*. In *The Temple of Dawn*, Kiyoaki/Isao is again transformed, this time into Ying Chan, a lovely Tai princess. The witness to all three incarnations is a wonderfully subtle spiritual voyeur named Honda, a rationalist Japanese judge and lawyer. Honda, like a principle of embattled moral intelligence, acts as Mishima's civilized guide through the mysteries of love, death, political tragedy and reincarnation.

If Mishima had written nothing else, his account of Honda's excursion to Benares, the holy Indian crematory site on



PAUL REB WITH HIS WIFE
Man as an act of nature.

Dave Hoglin



Tom Wayne



Dave Sheehan



Greg Gears



Rick Wagner



Joel Larson



Linda Morgan



Jim Teeson



Glen Olson

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18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine,
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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Menthol or Regular

BOOKS

the Ganges, would be considered a small masterpiece, on the order of E.M. Forster's visit to the Malabar caves in *A Passage to India*. Among the funeral burnings Honda finds an appalling filth and holy joy that amaze him: "A black arm would suddenly rise or a body would curl up in the fire as though turning over in sleep." The scene "was full of nauseous abomination, the inevitable ingredient of all times deemed sacred and pure in Benares." And yet "there was a flashing animation in the flames, as though something were being born."

Mishima takes Japan from the late '30s through the war and the postwar period into the perplexed affluence of the '50s. Eventually, Honda becomes joylessly rich. He degenerates from spiritual voyeur into Peeping Tom—a transformation reflecting Mishima's own contempt for the vulgarization and materialism of postwar Japan. As the novel ends, Honda, who has begun to sound like a Japanese Humbert Humbert in his pursuit of his Thai princess—now a student in Japan—secretly watches her in a lesbian embrace. Then Honda's mansion at the foot of Mount Fuji burns to the ground like a pyre at Benares, the flyaway ashes sporadically sizzling into his new swimming pool. The combination of filigreed Oriental pornography and slightly cheap *Götterdämmerung* has sometimes been a contaminating tendency in Mishima's work. But the rest of the book plausibly suggests a writer whose gifts amount at least to minor genius.

■ Lance Morrow

Vot Ve Got Here?

HEADS: A METAFICTIONAL HISTORY OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION, 1762-1975
by ALAN GOLDFEIN
182 pages. Morrow, \$5.95.

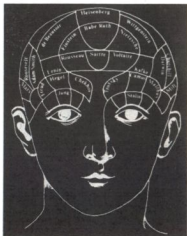
What a great debt we all owe to the great philosophers! Yet, to be candid about it, in these great times who needs another great debt? For the wisdom of men like Rousseau, Nietzsche, Hegel tends to be preserved in sedentary chapters of books more likely to be found in the attic than on the coffee table. Lives there a middlebrow who does not resent the great philosophers?

For wretches whose inadequacy takes this direction (the reviewer is admitting nothing), Alan Goldfein's wags collection of dubious moments from lofty lives is just the thing. We learn that Jean Jacques Rousseau put his pants on one leg at a time and the pants were unpressed and greasy. Also, Rousseau lived with a waitress who, Goldfein lies, was allowed to keep her job on the condition that Jean Jacques stayed away from the restaurant. He would show up anyway, time after time, restaurant after restaurant, haranguing the patrons, "a shaggy, dark Swiss freak." As he was kicked out, he would scream "Fine, perfect. This is just another vindication of political Euclideanism!"

That settles Rousseau's hash. Gold-

fein is no kinder to Freud. The great alienist, he imagines, met his rival Jung one day while strolling in Vienna. Freud felt faint, swooned, and sat down in the dust. Jung, much concerned, offered analysis: "We clear the air, eh, Sigmund? Ah yes, your passing out was a good thing. Hysterical. Yes. Hysteria neurosis. But a good thing." Freud blamed the fall on slippery leaves. "You passed out!" Carl insisted. "Admit it. I know a *shlip* when I see one . . . believe me, it was a healthy thing." Freud, much affronted, said that he would decide what was healthy, "and he stormed down the Welt Strasse, muttering 'Sickening, sickening' to himself."

Goldfein's comedy manages the odd trick of being broad and donnish at the same time. He does Hegel with a sauerbraten accent: "Vell, now, vot ve got here? Ve got, for shtarters, ve got Des-



JACKET DESIGN FROM HEADS
Setting Rousseau's hash.

cartes. Him and his *Cogito, ergo sum* . . . Dot's an *insight*?" Not every one of these brief sketches works. But the author does a fine turn on the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle, and he perceives, in an epiphany whose correctness is apparent, that Economist John Maynard Keynes wrote not only *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*, but also *The Myth of Sisyphus*, generally credited to Albert Camus, and *Waiting for Godot*, which has been claimed for Samuel Beckett. If you don't believe it, he argues, read all three works; the language is identical.

Goldfein, a former teacher of history and economics, is also a highly gifted mimic, and this fact permits a discovery whose triviality cannot be exaggerated: all the great thinkers of history (except maybe Hegel, dot krautkopf) talk and think in *exactly the same speech and prose patterns*! A further discovery is even more exciting: *These patterns are also those of Alan Goldfein!* Naturally it is for philosophers to decide the implications of this. In the meantime, we are greatly in Goldfein's debt.

■ John Skow

Which color TV needs fewest repairs?

TV service technicians say Zenith. Again.

For the second consecutive year, a nationwide survey of independent TV service technicians named Zenith, by more than 2 to 1 over the next best brand, as needing fewest repairs.

QUESTION: "In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?"

ANSWERS:

Zenith	35%
Brand A	14%
Brand B	11%
Brand C	5%
Brand D	3%
Brand E	3%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Brand I	1%



Other Brands 3%. About Equal 13%. Don't Know 11%.

NOTE: Answers total more than 100% because some service technicians named more than one brand. Survey details on request.

ZENITH

The quality goes in before the name goes on.

This winter,



the energy shortage could strike closer to home. Your home.

Why? Because our country is short of clean fuels to meet our total needs this winter. And it could affect your home if we have severely cold weather.

So, we want you to know what the outlook is for this winter. What you can do if the shortage affects your area. And what we are doing to overcome future shortages.

Less heating oil. U.S. refineries have been straining to produce as much gasoline as possible during the spring and summer. When that happens, heating oil output is proportionately less. As a result, supplies of heating oil are not as large as they should be. In fact, there could be a substantial shortage if we have an unusually cold winter.

Less natural gas. Natural gas reserves have been declining in recent years for two basic reasons: federal regulation of producers' prices has discouraged the search for new supplies and low prices have stimulated the use of gas by home owners and industry alike. Some parts of the country ran short of gas last year.

What can you do now? Here are some practical things to do to help overcome the short-range problem. You can conserve fuel . . . and save money in the process.

- Make sure the burner of your furnace is properly adjusted and serviced regularly.
- Seal off cold air leaks around windows, doors and your fireplace chimney.
- Don't overheat your home.
- Turn your thermostat down if you're going away for the weekend or longer.
- If you need it, consider an investment in proper home insulation . . . it could save up to 25% of your total heating costs.

How long will we have shortages? At least for the next few years. But shortages don't have to be permanent if we can build the facilities needed to develop, produce and deliver more energy to the public. New facilities like undersea wells, refineries, pipelines, storage tanks, deep water ports . . . to name a few.

How do heating fuels relate to the overall petroleum shortage?

1. Demand for petroleum is outstripping supply. For example, gasoline demand has jumped 60% over a decade ago because there are more new cars and they are getting lower gasoline mileage . . . an average new medium-sized car is getting about 11 miles per gallon. At the same time, fuel oil and natural gas demands have risen dramatically because these are cleaner, more convenient fuel replacements for coal and high sulfur oil in generating electricity and other industrial uses.

2. Though refineries are producing at full capacity and producing at all-time record levels, there is still a shortage of domestic refining capacity. Why? Because of the difficulty in finding acceptable refinery locations, uncertainty of supply sources, questions about unleaded gasoline requirements; the problem of adequate return on investment; and the tremendous capital necessary to build modern refineries.

3. Petroleum production is down because it has been more difficult and substantially more expensive to find new supplies in this country. Unless new supplies can be discovered and developed, domestic production will continue to decline in the future, and we will be forced to rely more heavily on imported oil.

4. Affecting all of these points are environmental considerations. Some have hampered energy development and increased the use of less abundant, more expensive fuels. Others have delayed construction of the Alaskan pipeline, delayed offshore lease sales and restricted surface mining of coal.

Working out the problem.

1. The establishment of a coordinated energy policy at the federal level will avoid duplication of effort and should spell out clearly the national commitment to develop new energy supplies.

2. Freely competitive energy prices will help provide the capital to develop new energy sources and additional refining capacity. Competitive prices will also encourage more efficient use of energy.

3. A better balance is needed between environmental goals and energy requirements. This will mean some trade-offs in order to build the Alaskan pipeline and new refineries and continue offshore exploration. Also, Congress should consider amending the Clean Air Act of 1970 to substitute more realistic auto emission reductions as proposed in the 1975-76 California standards. The latter plan could yield substantial savings in gasoline consumption over the next few years and still reduce auto emissions considerably.

The energy shortage is a very complex problem. As a leading energy company, Conoco has 41,000 people throughout the world working on short-term and long-term projects to help ease the shortage and to develop new energy sources for the future. We are cooperating with the government and the public to accomplish these goals. If we all work together, we can work it out.



Energy/Environment
Together we can work it out.

Power Vacuum

DO WITH ME WHAT YOU WILL

by JOYCE CAROL OATES

561 pages. Vanguard, \$7.95.

In replying last year to a critic who accused her of writing too fast, Joyce Carol Oates said, "If I could live long enough, I would like to write novels touching upon and including every person who lives in the United States." With each new publication comes evidence that the lady meant exactly what she said. Her two most recent books have been about professions as well as people. Significantly, they are professions that are deeply revered and mistrusted for their power over life. Last year's *Wonderland* was about doctors—an old medical megalomaniac and his foster son. The new novel, her sixth, concerns

(JILL BREWSTER)



JOYCE CAROL OATES

Flecklessness without a clue.

lawyers. Marvin Howe is a Nietzschean criminal lawyer—vainglorious, corrupt, wondrously successful, obsessed with his control over people. His opposite number is less obviously a monster. Jack Morrissey defends social outcasts and agitators, the teeming poor of Detroit. He lives simply, but is just as bewitched by power as Howe.

Both men seem promising material for the kind of long, naturalistic novel Oates writes. But two major drawbacks make this one of her weakest books to date. The first is that writing about institutions like the law in fiction requires a special knack. Oates doesn't have it. She gets tangled in the threats and promises of litigation, the paradoxes of legality and morality. The second difficulty is less understandable in so experienced a writer. The two lawyers, as well as the rest of the people in this dense work, are seen in relation to Elena Ross, one of the most boring women imaginable. Elena marries Howe and later takes Morrissey as a lover. Kidnaped and brutalized by her divorced fa-

ther as a child, she is emotionally inert. As a woman she seems less unhappy than confused. Her customary response to a direct question is "I don't know." Needless to say, she is enigmatically beautiful.

Oates' point seems to be that both supermen are bested by this apparent power vacuum. Howe cannot stop her from walking out on him—without alimony but picking up the \$100 bills he flings after her. This climactic scene echoes Nora's liberation in *A Doll's House*. Elena comes as close as she ever does to coherent motivation. She is leaving, she says, because "I would be careless of my life if I stayed here... I might make someone hurt me."

Oates is seldom mentioned in the list of activist women writers, but one of her favorite themes is how women fall apart through marriage and dependence on a man. Some are destroyed, like Dr. Pedersen's alcoholic wife in *Wonderland*. Others—like Loretta in *them*—survive and grow tougher. Elena leaves her furniture and furs to take responsibility for her own life. But on the book's last page she fecklessly returns to Morrissey, just as he seems to have got clear of their disastrous affair and adjusted himself to his marriage. Is she a temptress, a wanton driven by forces she cannot control? Or does her resolve to lead her own life mean that she will finally not harm Morrissey? The depressing thing is that the preceding 561 pages—filled with incident, example, internal monologue, psychological speculation—do not furnish a clue.

■ Martha Duffy

Topic A in D.C.

THE CONGRESSMAN WHO LOVED FLAUBERT

by WARD JUST

178 pages. Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$5.95.

Gore Vidal, Allen Drury and Tom Wicker (the novelist) share with Richard Nixon a common flaw: all have failed to make our capital city believable. One explanation of why Washington fiction is so lame may be that while the stages and settings are of heroic size and the plots involve the fate of nations, the figures shouting speeches and shaking swords seem absurdly tiny.

This built-in disparity may be unavoidable for a writer who insists on dealing at novel length with the highest levels of power. But by limiting his scope to 20 pages or so and by observing Washington at its fascinating upper-middle levels, Ward Just has been able to get his hands on substance that can be worked effectively into fiction. Just's settings are the private office of a moderately important Senator, a routinely luxurious Spring Valley living room, the featureless bachelor apartment of a CIA economist. In these and similar places, a little sex occurs, a little drinking, but the truly important activity is talk.

Author Just, a Washington-based journalist and novelist, has an ear for Washington talk and a dramatist's

knack for that precise moment in the flow of chatter when, although nothing important seems to have been said, the lives of the talkers change course. The Senator in his private office is busy phrasing an announcement to the press that he and his wife have separated. With his aide, not incidentally a woman, he searches for a wording that sounds statesmanlike, sober, and does not suggest loose living or the suicidal word divorce. He is a pro, and so is his aide, and they produce a satisfactory announcement on the third try. He okays it and then says lightly that he never really wanted to be Vice President anyway. Overtones resound; both know that he has indeed blown a solid chance to be Vice President. With his wife out of the picture, he now belongs in an unstated, yet clearly sexual way to the aide. But she is very ambitious, and each of them can compute the figure by which the value of her franchise has just been discounted.

The Congressman of the title story is an honorable man. He makes a sound political decision, refusing to endorse an antiwar manifesto, on grounds that it won't do any good and will only irritate his constituents. Then he discovers, when a colleague with surer instincts successfully champions the antiwar cause, that he has put a lid on his career.

The reader feels a certain sympathy for these lofty wretches. Since they are not very likable or high-minded or deserving, but simply very human, this says a good deal for Ward Just's skill. There is not the slightest hint that the author has enrolled real people under fake names and with different hair colors: A laudable break with Washington literary tradition.

■ J.S.

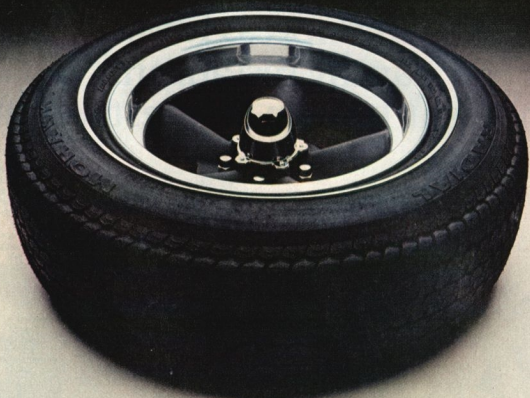
Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—The Hollow Hills, Stewart (1 last week)
- 2—The Billion Dollar Sure Thing, Erdman (2)
- 3—World Without End, Amen, Breslin (4)
- 4—Breakfast of Champions, Vonnegut (3)
- 5—The Monarchy, Green (8)
- 6—Harvest Home, Tryon (5)
- 7—The Salamander, West (9)
- 8—Once Is Not Enough, Susann (7)
- 9—Facing the Lions, Wicker (6)
- 10—Rendezvous with Rama, Clarke

NONFICTION

- 1—The Joy of Sex, Comfort (1)
- 2—How to Be Your Own Best Friend, Newman & Berkowitz (3)
- 3—The Making of the President 1972, White (2)
- 4—Sybil, Schreiber (4)
- 5—The Onion Field, Wambaugh (5)
- 6—Buried Alive, Friedman (6)
- 7—Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution, Atkins (8)
- 8—Survive the Savage Sea, Robertson
- 9—Ward 402, Glasser
- 10—Marilyn, Mailer (7)



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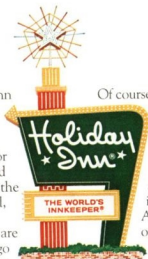


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AMERICAN EXPRESS



Episcopal Backlash

During the past decade, the once conservative Episcopal Church has flowered into one of the most progressive of mainstream Protestant denominations in the U.S. But last week, at their 64th triennial convention in Louisville, the Episcopalians abruptly applied the brakes to innovation. The House of Bishops elected the Right Rev. John M. Allin, 52, of Mississippi—the most conservative of five candidates—as their new Presiding Bishop, the church's chief executive. Moreover, the lower clergy and laity who constitute the House of Deputies unexpectedly defeated a proposal to ordain women as priests.

KEALE MORRIS



THE RT. REV. JOHN M. ALLIN
Applying the brakes.

The mood of the Louisville delegates was considerably cooler than that of the General Convention in Seattle six years ago, when the Episcopalians ebulliently adopted a controversial special program to aid racial minorities and approved a constitutional change to allow women to be seated in the House of Deputies. The 1970 convention in Houston went on to approve the ordination of women as deacons, a critical step toward eventual ordination of female priests. But such changes did not sit well with many of the church's 3,400,000 members. Indeed, criticism of Presiding Bishop John E. Hines, an outspoken friend of the progressives, doubtlessly contributed to his decision to retire next May, 2½ years before the end of his term.

Bishop Allin is not exactly a right-winger, although he is known to be critical of several of his predecessor's policies. Allin is a Southern white, born in Arkansas, who earned his divinity degree at the University of the South in Sewanee, Tenn. His record as Bishop of Mississippi includes the rebuilding of

burned-out black churches in the state, but Allin's Deep South background alienated militant blacks and Northern white liberals at the convention.

Although the House of Bishops chose Allin on their second ballot by a vote of 84 to 58 for the nearest contender, liberals in the House of Deputies took an unprecedented stand against the selection. The deputies' confirmation has traditionally been *pro forma*. Debate about Allin's qualifications, however, kept the bishops waiting in Louisville's Christ Church Cathedral for 4½ hours before he received the deputies' mixed approval. Allin tried immediately to reassure the House of Deputies, declaring that "what we have learned in the '60s we must not forget." But he also appealed for "reconciliation" in the church—an implication that he intends to soothe conservatives disgruntled by the church's recent activist past.

A few hours after confirming Allin for a twelve-year term, the House of Deputies took up the proposal to ordain women—a move that Hines had vigorously endorsed in his opening sermon (Allin was opposed). Although a majority of deputies apparently favored the innovation, the complicated system of bloc voting by dioceses resulted in the measure's defeat. The Episcopal Women's Caucus reacted bitterly. "We have been turned down not by God," they said, "but by the Episcopal Church."

Moon-Struck

For weeks his placid Korean countenance seemed to be everywhere New Yorkers looked: on commuter train posters, in full-page newspaper ads, in a flurry of broadsides handed out by earnest young men and women on the sidewalks of Manhattan. The message of his coming was brief: CHRISTIANITY IN CRISIS. NEW HOPE. REV. SUN MYUNG MOON. Last week, in Carnegie Hall, the Rev. Moon finally appeared in person to begin a four-month, 21-city "Day of Hope" tour of the U.S. His goal: nothing less than the unification of all mankind. His credentials: though Moon himself never quite claims the title, his followers believe him to be the "Lord of the Second Advent"—the Second Coming of Christ.

That part of Moon's message does not get top billing these days, however. At a tour kickoff dinner at the Waldorf Astoria, Master Moon—as his disciples often call him—was presented somewhat vaguely as the standard-bearer of a new ecumenical morality campaign who is a staunch anti-Communist to boot. His audience was a prosperous looking crowd which was liberally sprinkled with U.S. military uniforms. Scattered among the guests, saying "sir" and "ma'am," were Moon's own well-scrubbed troops: neatly barbered young men in crisp new suits and carefully

coiffed young women in demure dresses.

Moon does not fit the standard image of the guru out of the East. At 53, he is, in fact, a millionaire whose holdings in various enterprises (including ginseng tea, titanium production, pharmaceuticals, air rifles) are worth perhaps \$15 million. The business success has grown hand-in-hand with his religious endeavors, which began, as he tells it, with a vision of Jesus Christ on a Korean mountainside in 1936, a vision that told young Moon—then a Presbyterian—*to "carry out my undone task."*

Moon became an electrical engineer before he found his mission after World War II in Communist North Korea. He fell in with some Pentecostal Christians

HITOSHI KAGAI



THE REV. SUN MYUNG MOON
Flowers, candles, peanuts.

in Pyongyang's underground church—among whom there were already predictions of a Korean Messiah—and developed a following of his own. Imprisoned by the Communists for nearly three years, he was liberated in 1950. By 1954 he had founded the Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity—known more simply as the Unification Church. In the same year his wife of ten years left him because, he claims, "she could not comprehend my mission."

His book of doctrine, *Divine Principle*, appeared in 1957, quickly to become the Bible of his followers. It is a curious mixture of Christian fundamentalism, Taoist-like dualism, numerology, and even metaphors from Moon's electrical engineering (the "give and take" between proton and electron, for example, as a model for that between God and man). The book points to a new Saviour from Korea, whose timing is remarkably similar to Moon's.

Moon's main focus is the tragedy of the Garden of Eden. Adam and Eve, in-

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RELIGION

tended by God to be joined in divine matrimony, were to have been the perfect parents, and form, with God, a kind of Trinity to shape the world. But Eve sinned by committing adultery with an archangel, who thereby became Satan. According to Moon, Jesus was supposed to be a second Adam, creating the perfect family. His crucifixion, before he had a chance to marry, redeemed mankind spiritually, but not physically—a task left over for the Lord of the Second Advent. In Moon's divine account books, there is also a law of restitution that requires an "indemnity" of suffering, especially from the Jews because they rejected Jesus.

Onstage, Moon sells his ideas like a tub-thumping evangelist, slapping his fist into his hand to make a point, belting out his words in enthusiastic Korean, which an aide quickly translates. After two decades of such evangelizing, Moon's church and its affiliates (One World Crusade and the Freedom Leadership Foundation, among others) seem to be just hitting their stride. Although orthodox Christians recoil from Moon's teachings, the Moonists claim 600,000 followers worldwide, with perhaps 100,000 "core members" who are willing to give up their personal lives entirely to work for the master. In the U.S., there are some 3,000 core members, perhaps another 7,000 sympathizers.

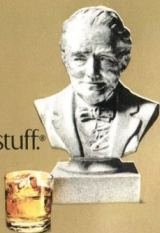
Forty Days. The core members—most in their 20s, many of them converts from other spiritual, psychological or political trips—display a dogged devotion that makes even Jehovah's Witnesses look like backsliders. They are enthusiastic capitalists who rise at dawn to hit the streets with vases to exchange for "donations": flowers, wares light candles, even peanuts. Last year, when Master Moon moved his international headquarters to Tarrytown, N.Y., members sold candles across the U.S. for seven weeks to meet the down payment of \$300,000 on an \$850,000 estate.

Apostolic salesmanship is not all that is required: the movement's puritanism might impress Cotton Mather. There is no dating; marriage partners for disciples are selected by Moon and his lieutenants. Both men and women submit lists of five candidates and, after counseling, their leaders make a choice. Newly married couples must refrain from sex for 40 days after the wedding ceremony, which is the holiest act of the sect. Moon thunders against adultery and fornication; members who fall, he warns darkly, may never be saved.

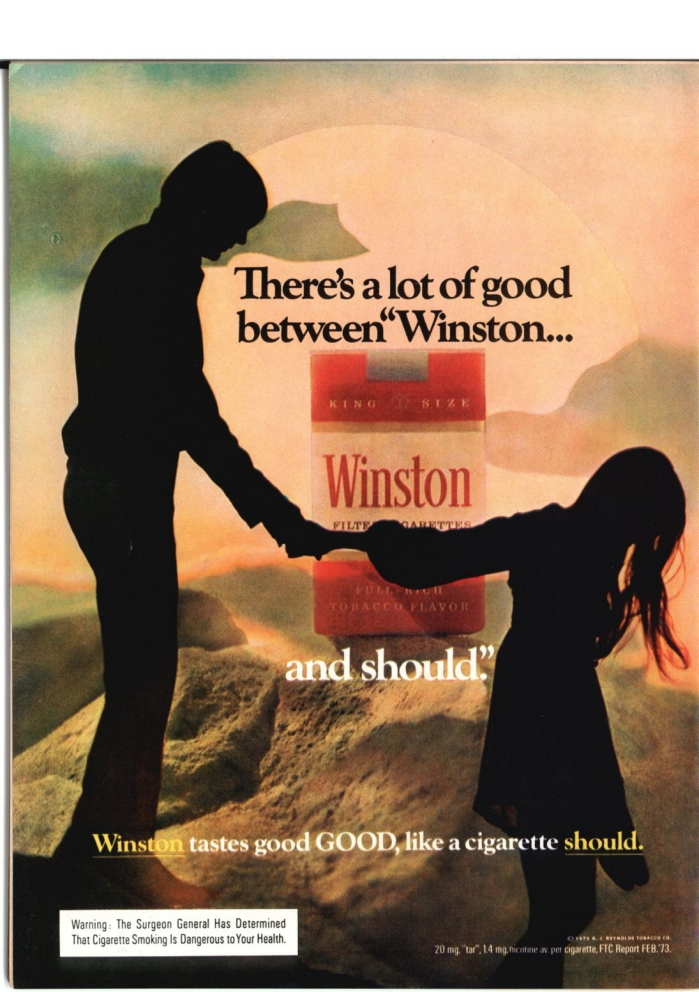
As for Moon himself, he married for the second time in 1960. His wife, a quietly beautiful woman named Hak-Ja Han, has since borne him four sons and three daughters. Though he recently told followers that his wife has not yet reached his own spiritual perfection, Moon is apparently confident that she will do so eventually. Together, his teaching makes evident, they are the new Adam and Eve, their children the first of a new, perfect world.

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